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LITERARY (AND OTHER) GOSSIP.

Jules Verne, whose "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "The Tour Around the World in Eighty Days," have made him a great favorite in this country, has written a comedy entitled "A Nephew from America."

A proposal that Americans should have a special memorial to Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon has met with much favor, and the memorial is to take the form of a painted window, the subjects being scriptural illustrations of the "Seven Ages of Man." The window selected for the memorial is that which immediately adjoins Shakspeare's monument in the chancel of the church. Most of the contributions for this work will come from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

The *Athenæum* says: "During the German invasion of France fears were entertained for the safety of the Tours Municipal Library. Such fears were not groundless; for, a few months before the war, Dr. Arndt, of the Berlin Royal Library, had inspected the bibliographical treasures of Tours, and had incidentally made the remark that one of them, a splendid copy of the Mentz Bible of 1462, had been carried away from Germany by General Custine during the first wars of the French Revolution. Taking account of this broad hint, as soon as the Germans were on French soil, the Tours librarian, M. Dorange, packed his books and MSS., and took them to Biarritz, in order that they might be shipped if the Germans passed the Loire. Among these treasures, now reinstated on their former shelves, is a MS. of Livy, written in the fifteenth century. It contains only the first and third Decades, but is interesting for its own history, which has just been traced. After a close examination of the MS., the following inscription was discovered, fol. 155:

VICESIMUS TERTIUS SCRIPTUS
IN DOMO DM CARDINALIS
ANDEG † PER ROBERTUM SUU
FAMIL. ROTHOMAGO NATUM.

Another similar inscription at fol. 177 confirms the

first. This Cardinal of Angers was no other than the celebrated Balue, who was kept eleven years in an iron cage by Louis the Eleventh. When the books of the Cardinal were laid hold of by the King, in 1469, the Livy was not finished. It was subsequently completed at the expense of Louis the Eleventh. The receipts of the money paid in his name to Robert du Val, the writer, and Pasquier Bonhomme, who had the MS. illuminated, have been found in the Paris National Library. The Catalogue of the Tours Library is in the press, and will shortly be published."

The *Athenæum* speaks thus of Victor Hugo's new work: "M. Victor Hugo has nearly finished a novel, which will be published in the month of February, 1874, under the title of "Quatre-Vingt Treize," with the sub-title of "Premier récit: la Guerre Civile." The plot carries the reader for an instant to Paris, and the imposing figures of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat appear upon the stage; but the action takes place almost entirely in the Vendée. The relations of the Vendéens to the English, and those of the Channel Islands to the Breton coast, are illustrated by documents hitherto hardly known. An encounter between an English frigate and a French squadron is said to be grandly told."

An Australian gentleman, Mr. Hodgson, who for some time rented the Clopton estate, Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakspeare used to visit, has just bought it for the sum of £38,000.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Of American ingenuity there is no end. When everything seemed to have been done that human smartness could devise to utilize the British author, some genius unknown has hit upon a plan for distributing the noblest works of English literature throughout the United States in such a way that they can hardly be said to have any price at all. The "Official Guide" of the Chicago and Alton Railroad is not only a local Bradshaw but a "monthly reprint." To the customary time-tables are added, from month to month, large portions of the work of some great author; and these portions are so printed that they may be easily detached from the

more commercial matter and rebound for the library. And what is more, the book thus made up will be one of which no library need be ashamed; for the paper is good, the type is of a fine new cast, the printing is clear, there is an elegant abundance of titles, half-titles, and dedication pages, and the ingenious editor announces his intention to purloin from the very latest editions alone. His first choice shows with what elevated ideas he goes to work. Disdaining the lighter and more trivial efforts of modern fancy, he resolves to "appeal to the highest culture and the most refined taste." The "fame of Robert Browning as one of the foremost thinkers and poets of the age" has led to the selection of his works to begin with; and, accordingly, the purchasers of the "Official Guide" will in due time possess a complete and handsome collection of them. Nor will the collection be made at a slow rate, if we may judge from the numbers before us, one of which contains sixty pages of the poems, in double columns and in small print, something like the Globe edition of Shakespeare. No doubt Mr. Browning will be pleased to learn that his fame and his genius have earned for him the distinction of coming first on the roll of English poets and thinkers to be distributed gratis on the Chicago and Alton Railroad: for, as we have forgotten to mention, 10,000 copies of the "Official Guide" and monthly reprint are given away. But it is not improbable that there are moments when he may aspire to a more generous homage, and wish that his much-admired work were not so handsomely dealt out by those to whom it does not belong, without money and without price.

Lord Houghton, it is stated, is about to re-edit "Keats' Life and Poems."

Gebbie & Barrie have undertaken a bold project, which, if carried to a successful termination, will remain a lasting memento of their courageous enterprise as publishers. It is the reproduction, by the Helio type process, of Boydell's Shakespeare. Although well known, it may be interesting to recall the circumstances under which this remarkable series of illustrations to Shakespeare first came into existence. James Boydell, engraver and picture dealer, and Alderman of London, acquired an immense fortune in business, and about the year 1785 conceived the idea of establishing a Shakespeare Gallery, upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence in accordance with the fame of the greatest poet the world ever produced. He accordingly advertised, throughout Great Britain, for designs from artists, and paid a guinea for every one submitted, whether accepted or not; and for every one accepted by the committee, a prize of one hundred guineas. The committee for selecting these designs was composed of five eminent

artists, Boydell himself being the president. The first painters of the age were thus secured to paint these pictures, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Fuseli, Romney, Northcote, Smirke, Sir William Beechey, and Opie. The first engravers of England were employed to transfer these gems to copper, and such artists as Sharp, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Thew, Simon, Middiman, Watson, Fittler, Wilson, and many others, exerted their talents for years on this great work. In some instances the labor of more than five years was expended on a single plate, and proof impressions were taken for subscribers at almost every stage of the work. At length in 1803, after nearly twenty years, the work was completed. The price fixed (which was never reduced) was two guineas each, for the first 200 impressions, and the subscription list was then filled up at one guinea each, or one hundred guineas a set of one hundred plates. The entire sum paid for these paintings and their reproduction on copper was never known, but it has been stated that the entire cost amounted to more than one million pounds sterling, or about \$5,000,000. Soon after the completion of the work, the projector died, deeply involved in debt. Before his death, the original paintings were disposed of by lottery, and two of them eventually came to this country; one, *King Lear*, by Benj. West, being in the Boston Athenæum, and the other in the gallery of Joseph Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia. An original copy of Boydell's work is now worth a fabulous price, and the fact of one coming into the market creates quite a stir among book collectors.

The copy used for the present reproduction is one of the original two hundred proof copies, and is the property of James L. Claghorn, Esq., of Philadelphia, and has been lent by him to enable the publishers to carry out their scheme. The work will contain 100 plates, and will be issued in 25 parts, each part containing four plates with text, from that edited by Clark & Wright, under the supervision of J. Parker Norris, who also contributes an essay on the genius of the painters and engravers of Boydell's Shakespeare. The parts will be sold by subscription, price \$1 each. I have seen a number of the reproductions, which are no less remarkable for being successful applications of the Helio type process than for the fame of their originals, of which they are about half the size. The pictures are magnificently made, and so closely resemble engravings in color, depth and clearness, that even an experienced eye would fail to detect at first glance that they were otherwise. That they are exact reproductions of the originals is necessarily assured by the process employed, and the fact of the size being reduced is an advantage, as they are thereby made of portable dimensions, a benefit which booklovers will not fail to appreciate.

The great merit of Boydell's collection, aside from

their excellence as artistic productions, is their thorough unison with the spirit of Shakespeare's writings. They are English in every essential particular—the English of the period they represent. Dress, architecture, scenery, are all produced with perfect exactness of antiquarian and archæological research, and embodied with a skill which only the great masters could command. It is, however, unnecessary to enlarge upon their merits, with which every bookseller or bookbuyer is perfectly acquainted, and now that they are reproduced at a moderate price, those who have been hitherto compelled to admire them as costly and unattainable, will find the envied treasures within their reach.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

[We may be allowed to make a slight correction to the above. A full set of the original Boydell plates can be bought for about \$150—hardly a "fabulous price" in these days.]

The Goethe literature has just received an important addition in the shape of three large volumes of correspondence, edited by Professor Bratanet, of the University of Cracow. One of these is entitled "Goethe's Correspondence with the Brothers Humboldt," and contains a long series of letters, ranging from 1795 to 1832, exchanged chiefly by Goethe with William von Humboldt. The German notices speak of it as worthy to be compared, in point of general interest, with the famous Schiller and Goethe correspondence. The other two volumes are published as "Correspondence on Natural Science," and embrace the twenty years of Goethe's life between 1812 and 1832, when he carried on a most voluminous correspondence on scientific subjects with various writers and students of more or less importance. Some of these, indeed, are names so little known even in Germany, that the editor finds it necessary to extend his work to the inquiry as to who they were, and in what order they wrote to the sage of Weimar. Of the more obscure writers, it is evident that many were altogether unknown to the great man they addressed; and, though he has expressly left their letters to him as materials for publication, the compliment seems rather a doubtful one, as a number of them were certainly never answered nor even acknowledged.

At the recent Literary Fund dinner in London, Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatist, said that during his twenty-two years of official life, his literary work was chiefly done in "the invaluable three hours before breakfast." To this we may add that George Eliott's favorite time for composition is from six in the morning till nine; and Mr. Anthony Trollope "breaks the back of the day," as Sir Walter Scott has it, by improving the same shining hours.

The Life of Samuel Lover, on which Mr. Bayle Bernard has been working for upwards of two years, is now announced as being near completion. Mr. Bernard being an enthusiastic student of Irish poetry, we may anticipate a very good result from his labors.

An altar-piece, believed to be by Murillo, and which was said to have been painted by the great artist for the Capuchin monks of Cadiz, was sold last weeks at the rooms of Messrs. Phillips for 1,200 guineas. The purchaser was Mr. Cox of Pall Mall. The work was publicly exhibited in London in 1826.

The minor works of the late Mr. Grote, including several unpublished pieces, are to be printed. Mr. Murray also promises "A Brief Memoir of the Princess Charlotte of Wales," with selections from her correspondence, by the Lady Rose Weigall.

In the first week of July a collection of autographs and historical documents of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, formed by the late M. A. Pécard, was sold in Paris. It included many letters of Louis the Thirteenth and Marie de Medicis; and, among others, an autograph letter signed by the Cardinal Richelieu.

The portrait of Benjamin Franklin on the one cent stamp, in imperial ultramarine blue, is after a profile bust of Rubricht. The head of Andrew Jackson on the two cent stamp, in velvet brown, is from a bust by Hiram Powers. The Washington head on the green three cent stamp is after Houdon's celebrated bust. The Lincoln profile, in red, on the six cent stamp, is after a bust by Volk. The seven cent stamp, in vermillion, gives the head of Stanton, after a photograph. The head of Jefferson on the ten cent stamp, in chocolate, is drawn from a life-size statue by Hiram Powers. The portrait of Henry Clay, in neutral purple, on the twelve cent stamp, is after a bust by Hart. The head of Webster on the fifteen cent stamp, in orange, is after the Clevinger bust. The portrait of General Scott on the twenty-four cent stamp, in purple, is after a bust by Coffee. The head of Hamilton on the thirty cent stamp, in black, is after the Cerrachi bust, and the portrait of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, in carmine, is after Wolcott's statue. The style in which these adhesive stamps are printed, and the clearness of outline of the several portraits, as well as the artistic excellence of the engraving, reflect credit on the head of the Post Office Department, Mr. Creswell, under whose authority they were executed.

The new volume of Mr. Longfellow's poems, "Aftermath," will contain another series of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and will be ready early in September.

It has been decided to erect a bronze statue of the late John Stuart Mill in some public site in the city of Westminster, and to devote the rest of the fund raised by the "Mill Memorial" Committee to the foundation of scholarships in mental science and political economy, open to both sexes.

The important and valuable collection of printed books and manuscripts formed by the late Sir Frederic Madden, Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum for many years, and well known to the literary world by his editions of Wicliffe Versions of the Bible, "Lazamon," "William and the Werwolf," "Havelok the Dane," "Gesta Romanorum," and other publications, recently sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby, produced £1,519. 4s. The principal features of the library were Sir F. Madden's own collection for the history of his native county, Hampshire, which sold for £138; his extraordinary collection of 27,500 half-penny songs and ballads, printed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries for street-singers, which realized £443; and his glossographical collection for a dictionary of early English words, which would have been invaluable to a student of Old English literature, which brought £19. 10s. The library was also remarkable for possessing nearly every known work in English dialects, and a very extensive series of publications respecting chess, all of which brought remarkably high prices. Many of the works were enriched with manuscript notes by Sir Frederic, and these were eagerly contested for. For instance, Lot 256, Smith's "List of Dialects," published at 2s. 6d., sold for £5. 10s.; Lot 499, Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," £11. 11s.; Lot 735, Jamieson's "Scottish Dictionary," £12. 17s. 6d.; Lot 743, Laing's "Select Remains of Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland," £9. 15s.

Bookbinding appears to be an art still cultivated seriously by some of its adepts, to judge from a suit that has just been brought before the Tribunal of Commerce on the Seine. M. Combolle Duru sued the Count de Montbrison for a sum of 2,400 francs for binding a copy of the "Œuvres de Bernard de Palissy," in a single volume, and for 1,400 francs for "Les Faïences de Henri II," also in one volume. The customer thought the sums excessive, and disputed the claim, and the judges appointed M. Trantz Bauzonais, bookbinder, to examine the work and give his opinion. The expert presented his report in these terms: "I think the charge for this labor, both manual and intellectual, very moderate, and I would not myself undertake to do it for the price." The tribunal in consequence gave a verdict for the full amount of 3,800 francs with costs.—*Paper Trade Journal*.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "In the New York *Nation*, generally and justly thought to be one of the ablest of American journals, we find last week two distinguished persons prematurely snuffed out of existence. One writer, noticing the admission by the author of a recent work that he had never read Comte through, remarks: 'Now that Mr. Mill and Miss Martineau have died, there is perhaps no one living except Mr. G. H. Lewes who can be decisively proved to have performed this feat.' Setting aside the fact that it is rather cruel to dispute the acquaintance of Messrs. Congreve, Beesly, Bridges, and Harrison with the sacred writings of their sect, it will be news to most of us that English literature has lost Miss Martineau. Another contributor to the same number of the *Nation*, in reviewing a recently published volume of political sketches, speaks of 'the subjects' as 'twenty noted Englishmen of our day—indeed, they are all now living except Lord Granville.' This commentator brings his special knowledge of English politics to bear upon the interpretation to his readers of the names which underlie English titles, as thus: 'Lord Halifax (Charles Page Wood).' The ingenuity which has partially rolled the Lord Privy Seal and the late Lord Chancellor into one deserves commendation."

A book that promises to be very entertaining is now on the anvil. It is the autobiography of Dr. Granville, whose practice was great not only in England and its metropolis, but in Russia and St. Petersburg, and at all the German spas. He was a pupil of the celebrated Volta, and obtained a diploma at the early age of nineteen. He served in the Turkish as well as in the English navy, and witnessed some strange scenes. One of his eminent patients in later years was Lord Palmerston, whose life he saved at the time of the cholera by the use of a heated smoothing iron applied to his spine. Sir Henry Holland's charming reminiscences will probably be eclipsed by the proofs of frankness which abound in the forthcoming volumes.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin will shortly publish a work descriptive of the "Adventures and Discoveries of the Early Explorers," by Mr. T. Frost.

At the recent sale of Mr. Macready's library at Christie's, the late Mr. Lacy purchased a copy of "Cromwell," a play by Lord Lytton, of which he stated that only four copies had been printed off.

Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, has in the press a new edition of Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," a book which is held in regard by ballad collectors, and which has long been scarce.

Mr. William Winter, in the following humorous letter to the editor of the *Tribune*, denies the truth of the report that he is the author of "Beautiful Snow":

"A paragraph is just now in circulation through the country press—accredited to 'the New York correspondent of a Swiss paper'—containing the statement that the piece of verse called 'Beautiful Snow' was 'written by William Winter, dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*.' I wish to say that the statement is false. I am a miserable sinner; but I am *not* the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' I do not think that snow is beautiful. I live, at times, on an island in the ocean; and I am practically acquainted with the subject of snow. I consider that snow is a nuisance—almost as great a one as 'the New York correspondent of a Swiss paper' who has afflicted me with the dreadful imputation, which I now cast back upon his thrice-accursed head. I once read a portion of 'Beautiful Snow' (who, alas! has not?), and I must be permitted to say that there is something barbaric in the cruel pertinacity with which many persons are laboring to fix the authorship of that melancholy mush upon their innocent fellow-creatures. Boleful must be the mind that can engage in this diabolical work—devastating the peace and blasting the hope of a brother mortal! This has been a quiet summer. For at least six weeks I have not been accused of bribery, corruption, conspiracy, or body-snatching. I had begun to think myself secure from calumny, for as much as three weeks longer. Fond delusion! The spoiler arises in the likeness of a Swiss correspondent—and all is gas. But—he shall not triumph in the silence of his victim. There are limits even to the patience of a dramatic critic. I am *not* the author of 'Beautiful Snow,' and I defy him! And, while I am upon the subject, I will likewise state that I am *not* the author of 'Nothing to Wear,' nor of 'Rock Me to Sleep,' nor of 'Betsey and I Are Out,' nor of 'Shoo Fly,' nor of the Letters of Junius."

One of the mysteries of Shakespeare's life is at length solved. Some time ago we mentioned that Mr. J. O. Halliwell had had the good fortune to discover a remarkable and unique series of documents respecting the two theatres with which the poet was connected. They included even lists of the original proprietors and sharers. Shakespeare's name does not occur in those lists. Mr. Halliwell has now furnished us with the texts of those passages in which the great dramatist is expressly mentioned, notices far more interesting than anything of the kind yet brought to light. The sons of James Burbage are speaking in an affidavit. They tell us that, after relinquishing their theatrical speculations in Shore-

ditch, they "built the Globe with summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres, and to ourselves wee joyned those deserving men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Phillips and others, partners in the profittes of that they call the House." As to the Blackfriars they say, "our father purchased it at extreame rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and troble, which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell;—In processe of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, it was considered that house would be as fit for ourselves, and soe purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage." These important evidences contradict all recent theories and opinions respecting Shakespeare's business connexion with the theatres.

A work that will excite interest is promised by Messrs. Strahan & Co. for next November. It is entitled "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: Popular Leaders under George III.," and contains an account of the Opposition in the latter part of the last century. The author, Mr. W. F. Rae, has collected particulars relating to the government prosecutions of Wilkes that have not hitherto been published.

We understand that the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, Prof. Seeley, is engaged on a life of Stein, the great reformer of Prussia, after its overthrow by the first Napoleon. It is, indeed, time that the vast importance of Stein's work should be rightly understood, and its development traced, for he gave a new life and new form to his nation, which will gain for it hereafter even greater results than they have yet secured.

Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh, proposes to reprint the curious work. Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiæ," which was first published in 1693. The impression will be limited to 250 copies. The book, which will be illustrated by sixty nine plates, produced by photolithography from original impressions, has gone through several editions, all of which have long been scarce, and when offered for sale have fetched large prices.

Miss Cooper, the author of the "Life of Arabella Stuart," has nearly completed a life of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, containing many of his letters that have not yet seen light. A great feature in the book is the "thorough" Earl's work in Ireland—his abolition of piracy in St. George's Channel, his formation of the coast guard, and his introduction of the linen manufacture into Ireland.

George MacDonald, the well-known novelist, is a prominent poet of the day, and "A Vision of St. Eligius" is a fair specimen of his style. In this supremely ridiculous poem the saint speaks, beginning by the announcement that he is "blown about, a wind-mocked kite, between the earth and sky, all out of doors—alas! of thy doors out," and that "dank vapor streams from memories lying prone," while "all his soul is but a stifled cry." After this brief introduction, we will let the saint speak for himself:

Lord, thou dost hold my string, else were I driven
Down to some gulf where I were tossed no more;
No turmoil telling I was not in heaven,
No billows raving on a blessed shore.

Thou standest on thy doorsill, calm as day,
And all my throbs and pangs are pulls from thee;
Hold fast the string, lest I should break away,
And outer dark and silence swallow me.

No longer fly thy kite, Lord; draw me home.
Thou pull'st the string through all the distance bleak.
Lord, I am nearing thee; O Lord, I come;
Thy pulls grow stronger and the wind grows weak.

In thy remodeling hands thou tak'st thy kite;
'A moment to thy bosom hold'st me fast,
Then flingest me abroad:—lo! in thy might,
A strong-winged bird I soar on every blast.

This is the new kind of religious verse—the crazy school; and any reader of Tennyson will see that it is a gross imitation of the faults of "St. Simeon Stylites." By Mr. MacDonald and his admirers it is no doubt thought to be very original and profound, but to common people it seems a stupid piece of shallow blasphemy. Mr. MacDonald asks us to look upon God standing on the doorsill of his house, flying a kite, this kite being the saint, who groans because he is "all out of doors—alas! of thy doors out,"—as if a kite were of any use in-doors. But this kite is also steeped in vapors from "memories lying prone," and its soul is "a stifled cry." This peculiar imagery is supposed to be very beautiful. God is then requested not to let go of the string lest the kite should blow away, which conveys at once the idea that Mr. MacDonald or the saint, for we presume they are the same, is afraid of falling astraddle of a telegraph wire or a chimney, the usual fate of kites that break loose. God does as the kite tells him and pulls in the string, holds the kite to his bosom, and then throws it away, a "strong-winged bird" that "soars on every blast." Here is the inconsequential ending of an absurd theme. The original purpose was to get the kite into the house, but it is transformed into a bird, and (properly, in our opinion) flung out in the storm. To give these verses a religious tone Mr. MacDonald introduces his "Lords," and "O Lords;" but this mock piety cannot destroy the inherent vulgarity of the idea, for

no personification of the Divine Ruler could be more unpoetical than that of a kite-flyer playing with a soul tied fast to a string.—*Proof Sheet.*

Among the papers found in the Bastille, now edited by M. Ravaisson, *Conservateur-Adjoint* of the Arsenal Library, will shortly appear in the sixth volume a startling document, showing that Racine was summoned before King Louis the Fourteenth as accused of having robbed and poisoned La Duparc, a celebrated actress, for whom he composed the part of Andromaque, and who was his mistress till the time of her death, in 1688. The accusation, coming as it did from the infamous woman Voisin, tried, condemned, and executed as *empoisonneuse*, could not be entertained for a moment; but it heavily weighed on the exquisitely sensitive mind of Racine, till he died, broken-hearted, in 1699. Racine has often been reproached with being so craven a courtier, that he could not bear the slightest displeasure of his royal master; but such an accusation as that launched forth by La Voisin, and taken notice of by the king, in presence of Louvois, one of the bitterest enemies of the poet, certainly was of a nature to deeply wound even a strong-minded man.

An early and unknown edition of "Ciceronis Epistolæ Familiares," has just been discovered in Italy, by a Parisian bookseller. It is printed on vellum, with the types of the unknown printer of the Horatius, and very likely *circa* 1470. After the word FINIS are the following lines:

Nicia quis vestros Polycleteque cantet honores,
Si videat manibus premia parta novis;
Rarus erat numerus librorum; inventa lituia est.
Quæ quæat æternum reddere laudis opus.

Many volumes which form part of the public library at Rimini, known as "the Gambalunga," from the name of the person who bequeathed it to the town, have attained additional value within the last two years, as the only other copies in existence were destroyed by the Paris Communists. This is notably the case with the small work called "Les Fatasies de Mère Sote, avec privilège de François Ier." This book, published in Paris in the year 1516, was printed on vellum, and was richly illuminated. The frontispiece was a bird holding in its beak a streamer, with the inscription, "Post tenebras spero lucem." Underneath the bird is placed a kind of throne, upon the top and sides of which are traced the words "Raison partout, partout raison, tout par raison." MM. Firmin-Didot, the Paris publishers, offered a large sum for this work several years ago, but the municipality of Rimini would not part with it, and now that the only other copy extant has become a prey to the flames, of course its value is all the greater. This

library also contains a small museum which throws some light upon the much-vexed problem as to whether the Etruscans inhabited these regions before the Umbrians, and as to what was the special art of the Gauls who succeeded the Umbrians at Sinigaglia (Sena Gallica), Pesaro, Rimini, &c. Although the Gauls only occupied the country for about a hundred years, they left Gallic blood behind—not so much, perhaps, as is still to be found in the valley of the Po, but still enough to be appreciable, particularly in regard to certain tricks of language and of manner.

The *Athenæum* says: "We have been unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of Mr. Joaquin Miller. Our reviewer having said that his new book was a dull romance, Mr. Miller, who thinks otherwise, writes to us that he wishes 'to tell him to his teeth that he is a liar, a coward, and a cur.' Mr. Miller states that he has written without consultation with his publisher. We think that a gentleman of the high reputation of his publisher will be shocked when he hears how sadly wanting Mr. Miller is in the courtesies of life and the advantages of education."

We learn that the private collection of fine engraved theatrical portraits, books and pictures of the late Mr. T. H. Lacy, the well-known London theatrical bookseller, will, in accordance with the will of the deceased, be sold by auction, in London, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in November or December next. It comprises a most extensive series of the works of the principal dramatists; and among the engraved portraits are many of great rarity and interest.

Noah as a Reader of the Bible.—Save in the case of the very young, however, the schools have made but little impression upon the ignorance in which the colored race have been reared. Their worship in their churches gives evidence of this. A lady, the other day, gave me an account of a sermon which she heard not long since in St. Augustine, as an example of their mode of embellishing Scripture history. The preacher had dwelt awhile on the fall of man, and the act of disobedience by which sin came into the world, and had got as far as the time of Noah. He then said: "De world got to be berry wicked; de people all bad, and de Lord make up his mind to drown dem. But Noah was a good man, who read his Bible, and did jus' as de Lord tole hims. And de Lord tole Noah to build a big ark, big enough to hole part of every ting alive on de earth. And Noah built it. And de Lord call upon every living ting to come into de ark and be saved. And de birds come flyin' to de ark, and de big lion and de cow and de possum come in, and de horse come trotting to de ark, and de leetle worms come creepin' in; but only de wicked sinner wouldn't come in;

and dey laugh at Noah and his big ark. And de rain come down down in big spouts, and come up to de doo'-step of de houses and 'gin to cober de floo', and den de sinner be scaret, and knock at de doo' ob de ark berry hard. And de big lion hear de racket and roar, and de dog bark, and de ox bellow, but Noah keep on reading de Bible. And de sinner say, 'Noah, Noah, let us come in.' And Noah say, 'I berry sorry, but I can't let you in, for de Lord hab lock de doo' and trow away de key.'"—*Evening Post.*

We read of a New Jersey pastor who has been requested to resign his charge for the following reasons: 1. He is "erratic"; 2. He is fond of smoking; 3. He is a favorite of the more youthful ladies; 4. He sings in a quartette; 5. He is an active member of a base ball nine; 6. He plays chess; 7. He writes poetry! Six of these charges seem to us frivolous and unworthy of a moment's serious consideration; it is the seventh which appears to be serious. Considering the amount of "poetry" already in existence; taking into account how little the world stands in need of additional verse; and guessing at the probable quality of the parson's productions, we are free to say that we think he should stop philandering with the Nine, or else resign at once.—*Tribune.*

Mr. Ruskin still persists in the curious mode of publishing his works which he has practised of late years, and which, it was rumored some months ago, he purposed abandoning. He is now printing his Oxford lectures. Of "Love's Meinie: Lectures on Greek and English Birds," the second lecture, on "The Swallow," is out. Of his "Facinora Dierum: Six Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving," the first and second are nearly ready. The subjects of these lectures are as follow: 1, the definition of the art of engraving; 2, the relation of engraving to other arts in Florence; 3, the technics of wood engraving; 4, the technics of metal engraving; 5, design in the German schools of engraving (Holbein and Dürer); and 6, design in the Florentine schools of engraving (S. Botticelli). Of the revised edition of his entire works, volume 6, "The Crown of Wild Olive," is in preparation. It will contain an additional chapter on "The Economies of the Kings of Prussia."

Amongst the unpublished works of the late Lord Lytton, was a tragedy, called "Œdipus," founded on the well-known classical legend. The play was intended for the stage, and was placed in the hands of Mr. Phelps, during the period of his leasehold of Sadler's Wells Theatre, for rehearsal. Lord Lytton, however, altered his intention, and withdrew the manuscript from Mr. Phelps' hands, and probably destroyed it, as, we believe, it is not to be found amongst the manuscripts left by his lordship.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Port of Santiago de Buena Esperanza. (See BIB., vol. 4. p. 391.)—There has been a controversy if this port, which is mentioned in some writings during the earliest time of the Spanish dominion in Mexico, has been *La Ventosa*, near Tehuantepec, or *Hicatuleo*, sixty-eight miles further west, both in the actual State of Oaxaca. By no less authority than Cortez himself ("Memorial al Emperador," 1540; "Navarrete Coleccion de Documentos Inéditos," tom. IV., p. 209), we find this question settled. It was neither one nor the other, but a port in the province (now State) of Colima, where the northern beach of the port of *Manzanillo* preserves still the name, *Babia de Santiago*.

C. H. B.

A Light Heart and a Thin Pair of Breeches. (See BIB., April, p. 59.)—No wonder your correspondent calls it a bit of nonsense. He loses all the point as he quotes it. It should be

"A light heart and stout pair of breeches
Will go through the world, my boys!"

and though there is no particular "wit" in this, there is much common sense in contrast with a *heavy heart* and *thin* pair of breeches. I don't remember where I have read it, but I should say that it was in one of Sir Walter Scott's mottoes to his novels at the beginning of a chapter, but I have often heard it and seen it, always as I give

SIDNEY EVERETT.

NEWPORT, R. I.

An Historic Bible?—In the notice of "an historical Bible," in the January number (p. 12) of the BIBLIOPOLIST, the following statement occurs: "At the time Washington had his headquarters in Morristown, N. J., a part of the jewels and furniture of St. John's Lodge was loaned to the 'traveling lodge,' formed in part of the Colonial army then wintering at Morristown. Among the things so loaned was this Bible,

and during the winter General the Marquis of Lafayette, then with the army, was entered, passed, and raised to the sublime degree of a master mason. This Bible was used in the ceremonies, and Lafayette took his obligations upon it. It is known that Washington officiated as 'master' on these occasions."

The claim here put forth will not bear investigation. That portion of the American army under the immediate command of Washington had their winter-quarters at Morristown on two different occasions. The first time was after the battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777; the second during the winter of 1779-80. As Lafayette was not in this country either of these winters, it is certain that he was not "entered, passed, and raised to the sublime degree of a master mason," and that Washington did not "officiate as master on these occasions," as stated. A few facts and dates will make this apparent to the dullest comprehension.

Lafayette arrived for the first time in this country at Georgetown, S. C., April 19, 1777. Two months later we find that he was still in that State, as will be seen by a letter dated Charleston, S. C., June 19, 1777, in which he states that he "hoped to set out for Philadelphia in two days. Our route is more than two hundred and fifty leagues by land." (See Sparks, Vol. V, pp. 451-2.) From this it is evident that he could not have been in Morristown the previous or first winter the army was encamped there.

In October, 1778, Lafayette asked, and on the 21st of that month Congress granted him, unlimited leave of absence to go to France. (See Sparks, Vol. VI., p. 504.) He sailed from Boston January 11, 1779. (See Sparks, Vol. VI., p. 137.) April 27, 1780, he wrote to Washington announcing his arrival in Boston. May 12th he arrived at Morristown, and stopping only a single day to consult Washington, he hastened on to the seat of government. (See Irving, IV., 37-8.) It is therefore clear that he was not at Morristown in the winter of 1779-80, when the army was in winter-quarters there the second time.

It is known that as early as 1768 Washington had ceased regular attendance at the lodge, as will be seen by his letter to Rev. G. W. Snyder, Fredericktown, Md., dated September 25, 1798, in which he says:

"The multiplicity of matters which pressed upon me before, and the debilitated state in which I was left after a severe fever had been removed, and which allows me to add little more now than thanks for your kind wishes and favorable sentiments, except to correct an error you have run into, of my presiding over the English lodges in this country. *The fact is I preside over none, nor have I been in one more than once or twice in the last thirty years.*" (See Sparks, Vol. XI., p. 314.) One of the occasions here referred to was the celebration of the anniversary of St. John's day, December 28, 1778, at Philadelphia. In a report of the proceedings in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, January 2, 1779, although the presence of Washington is particularly mentioned, it is only as a private brother.

In addition we have the following from the records of King David's Lodge, in Newport, R. I.: "Regular Lodge night, held at the house of Mr. James Tew, Wednesday evening, the 7th February, 1781—1781. A motion was made, that as our worthy brother, His Excellency General Washington, was daily expected amongst us, a committee should be appointed to prepare an address, on behalf of the lodge, to present to him. Voted that the right worshipful master, together with brother Seixas, Peleg Clarke, John Handy and Robert Elliott, be a committee for the purpose, and that they present the same to this lodge, at its next meeting, for their approbation

At a lodge, held by request of the right worshipful master, February 14, 1781—1781. The committee appointed to draft an address to our worthy brother, His Excellency General Washington, report, that on enquiry they find General Washington not to be Grand Master of North America, as was supposed, *nor even master of any particular lodge.* They are therefore of opinion that this lodge would not choose to address him as a private brother; at the same time *think it would not be agreeable to our worthy brother to be addressed as such.*"

Early in March, when Washington arrived in Newport, to communicate with the French commanders on points that could not be safely intrusted to writing, the citizens of Newport received him with a public address, expressive of their attachment, their gratitude for his services, and

the joy they felt at seeing him among them. (See Sparks, Vol. I., p. 354.)

I. C.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa.

Another Washington Portrait.—In the Dublin correspondence of the *Boston Globe*, published in that paper on the 31st ultimo, the writer, under date of May 16th, describes the "Dublin Exhibition of Arts, Industries and Manufactures and Loan Museum," opened a few days before, and says:

One article in the Loan Museum I may mention, because I regard it of very great interest. It is a miniature portrait of George Washington, contributed by J. Acheson Tysle, Esq. It is exquisitely finished, and in perfect preservation. Mr. Tysle tells me his great uncle, Mr. Acheson, who was a great friend of General Washington, and lived in Philadelphia, had the miniature taken from life, and sent it to Mr. Tysle's grandfather, then living in the north of Ireland. The letter which accompanied the gift was shown to me, stating the fact that the painting is from life, but unfortunately there is no mention of the artist's name. The expression is somewhat different from that in any other portrait I have seen of Washington, and I think it is more pleasing. I regard the miniature as one of the most interesting things, to an American, to be found in the whole collection.

J. M. ALDEN.

WASHINGTON.

Kosciuszko or Kosciuszlio, which?—I notice in the *New York Times* of the 20th inst., a copy of a letter from Mr. W. T. Early, of Charlottesville, Virginia, to the Secretary of War, inclosing a transcript of the last will and testament of the great Polish hero, from which it would appear that we have been all along incorrect in the orthography of his name. It seems almost incredible that such could be the case; and yet here before us is what purports to be, and what no doubt is given in perfect good faith as, a verbatim copy of the said will, attested by the clerk of the court among whose archives it remains on file, and in which the name is written "Kosciuszlio." Is it not just barely possible that Mr. Early, as well as Mr. Goss (who certifies the correctness of the copy), should be mistaken in deciphering Kosciuszko's handwriting, as indeed they might well be, if not thorough chirographic experts. For a foreigner, Kosciuszko, I think, wrote a tolerably fair

English hand; but he had a knack of running the two or three last letters of a word, especially of a long word, into one another, so as to make it pretty difficult to read. One can, therefore, very easily see how it is possible that the four last letters of the name "szko" could be so written as to look very much like "szlio." In the second volume (p. 133) of Mr. Lossing's admirable "Field Book of the Revolution," there is given a fac-simile of Kosciuszko's signature, (in the usual manner,) and though it is not a fair average specimen of his writing, (being too good,) it will nevertheless illustrate my meaning. Then again I think the contemporary evidence if not altogether conclusive is very strong against the spelling "Kosciuszlio." He was for a time attached to the personal staff of Washington, and here was always addressed as Kosciuszko; he held an important appointment as engineer in the army, and it is to be presumed received all his orders and made all his reports under the name of Kosciuszko, and his name is spelled in like manner wherever it is mentioned in the literature of the Revolution. Jefferson was probably his most intimate friend in this country, and Kosciuszko, until within a short time of his death in 1817, continued to correspond with him. Yet nowhere do we find any intimation to his friend that his name was spelled in any other way than that in which it has come down to us. The cyclopædias too are all against Mr. Early's reading of the name. And now as to the will itself. Mr. Early says: "I have succeeded in finding the original of this will," &c. Now the truth is, that the will was discovered in 1868, in an overhauling of the records in the Circuit Court of Albemarle County, where it had lain undisturbed for some fifty odd years. At that time it was published in nearly all the newspapers, and I have no doubt whatever that a copy of it will be found by referring to almost any of the papers of that day. In comparing the two versions of the will there appears to be a slight variation between them. In the 1868 version, the clause "and giving them liberty in my name" appears before the clause "and giving them an education in trades or otherwise," while it is not to be found in Mr. Early's version. In the early version mothers and wives are spelled

"moders" and "vives"; and the attestation of the Court is dated "the 19th day of May, 1819," instead of the 12th of May of the same year, as in Mr. Early's copy. The gentleman to whom we are really indebted for the resurrection of the will of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, is the octogenarian, Mr. Wm. Wertenbaker, Secretary of the Faculty of the University of Virginia. His letter (printed) is now before me, and I copy a portion of his reminiscences, which is interesting enough to be preserved:

"I was then" says Mr. Wertenbaker, "deputy clerk, and the order of the Court admitting it to record, and the endorsements are in my handwriting. The scenes and facts connected with this transaction are vividly impressed upon my memory. The Circuit Court of Albemarle, Judge Archibald Stuart (father of Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart), presiding, was then in session. An illustrious man, then as at all times, the observed of all observers, walked into court. The judge on perceiving that Thomas Jefferson, stately and erect, was standing before him, bowed and invited him to take a seat on the bench. To this Mr. Jefferson replies, 'As soon as your honor shall have leisure to attend to me, I have a matter of business which I wish to present to the Court.' Immediately, by consent of the parties concerned, further proceedings on the matter then before Court were suspended, until Mr. Jefferson could be heard. He took from his pocket a paper which he said was the will of his friend, Gen. Thaddeus Kosciuszko; that the will was written entirely in the handwriting of the testator; he was well acquainted with the handwriting, and could testify on oath to the facts which he stated. The usual oath was then administered by the clerk, the necessary interrogations formally put, affirmatively answered, and the will was, by order of the Court, admitted to record."

STUDENT.

July 24, 1873.

Catalogue of the Printed Books in the Library of the Society of Writers to H. M. Signet in Scotland.—Part First, A.-L., Edin., printed for the Society, 1871, 4to.

It has always been the misfortune of catalogue literature that it has been so little subject to criticism, and it is, I suppose, to this that I must attribute the production of such a slovenly work as the above.

It is a huge catalogue, with huge mistakes, of the most amateurish kind, from beginning to end. Whoever is responsible for it has added another to the long list we already possess of catalogues that are the laughing-stock of foreign bibliographers.

If such an ill-digested, crude and unsys-

tematic performance had been printed by the authorities of one of the London law libraries (Lincoln's Inn always excepted), it would have been no matter for wonder; but this from Scotchmen, and the writers to the Signet to boot!

Fully aware of the vast amount of ill-judged labor that has been wasted on this catalogue, it is with great regret that I make these remarks; but really it is time that some stand were made against the promiscuous printing of catalogues apparently without preparation, and if now and then they, like other works, are made the subject of examination and criticism, a marked improvement will take place. It is an injustice to those who really have studied the art of cataloguing and do their work scientifically, that the bad should rank with the good.

I have been led to these remarks by a perusal of the first volume above named, and, finding that it is utterly unreliable, I will simply note one or two works relating more particularly to my special study, in which errors or omissions occur.

P. 18. "The American in England." A reference to the "London Catalogue" would have enabled the compilers to add that this book is by Lieut. Llidell.

P. 41. "Attic Fragments," &c., by the author of "Modern Athens" and "Babylon the Great." Surely, to such a well-known work as this, we might expect to see the name of the compiler's countryman, Robert Mudie, in square brackets. If it and the work on p. 47, "Babylon the Great: A Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the British Capital," [by Robert Mudie], were properly catalogued, this would have been at once apparent; but the important words, "by the Author of the Modern Athens," which come after "British Capital," have been omitted by the cataloguer, thus leading us into fresh error, the book being catalogued as anonymous, whereas it is pseudonymous. The pseudonym being important as giving at once a clue to the author's name, supposing it not to be well known, as in this instance it is.

P. 42. "Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice" is improperly ascribed to Samuel Warren, instead of Sir George Stephen, who was once an attorney.

P. 53. "A Residence on the Shores of

the Baltic" is by Miss Rigby, not Rugby. This is, no doubt, a clerical error, but then, why is not the student informed that this lady was afterwards Lady Eastlake?

I stop not for want of matter, but fear lest space be denied me.

O. H.

John Maude of Moorhouse.—I have picked up, in Philadelphia, an exquisite copy of Thomas Gent's "History of Hull." It is bound in fine olive calf, heavily gilt and tooled. The above name and address are on one of the pages. Can it have belonged to the author of "Verbeia"?

Chicago.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Ladies of Edinburgh: Song: Sir Walter Scott.—Can any one furnish the following information for one of the Senators of the Dominion, the Hon. John Ferguson, of Bathurst, New Brunswick, who tells me that, more than once, in former years, he has obtained replies to queries through your columns? He wants to know in what book or periodical he can obtain a copy of a

"Petition of the Ladies of Edinburgh to Dr. —(?) and Reply thereto (attributed to Lord Byron, but not found in his published works)—about the Cause of Love."

It begins—

"Dear Doctor, Let it not transpire
How much your Lectures we admire," &c.

It was reprinted, about thirty or thirty-five years ago, in the *New York Albion*, then a periodical of high repute and extensive circulation amongst persons of British origin in the United States.

Also, whether Martin Luther, or who else, wrote the lines beginning—

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool all his life long?"

I would further beg to be informed where to find a long poem, which appeared in the newspapers of the period, on the death of Sir Walter Scott, in which all the characters of his novels are represented as individually attending his funeral, or bewailing his loss, in appropriate terms. Any replies please address to myself, Librarian of Parliament, Ottawa, Canada, and oblige

ALPHEUS TODD.

W. Martin, the Natural Philosopher.—I have an old colored engraving about which I crave some information.

The subject is a Negro, lying extended upon the ground, and upon him is preying a tiger: the tiger, in its turn is being attacked by a huge lion. In one corner of the foreground a cock and a snake are fighting, and in the other corner there is a hen with two chickens. Other accessories make up the picture. Underneath, in two lines, is the following inscription in Italian text:

"A S'en (sic) in the Wilds of Africa Drawn and Engraved by W. Martin the Natural Philosopher upon The Principal of that long sought for the Hidden Mystrie of Nature the true Perpetual Motion by W. M."

Who was W. Martin, what is the date of the picture, and is it common? My copy is from the collection of the late Francis Goodwin, author of "Rural Architecture," and was given to me by his son.

J. P. MORRIS.

17 Sutton Street, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

[Probably the William Martin, the naturalist, born in 1767 at Marsfield, in Nottinghamshire, and died in 1810. In 1793 he published the first number of "Figures and Descriptions of Petrifications in Derbyshire," and other works. He is noticed in most modern biographical dictionaries.—Ed.]

William Charles Byron.—As everything relating to the illustrious poet, Byron, is fraught with interest to every one who cares for English literature, I send for record in your pages, a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a letter from a so-called "nephew" of his lordship, which has come into my custody recently amongst the papers of a well-known friend of Byron.

The superscription is:

"3 Right Hoble Lord Byron,
Pr favor: of Genl St. John,
Audley Square,
South Audley Street,
Westminster.

Enquire at
Mr. Murry's Book seller,
Albermarl Street."

The post-mark is, as well as I can make out, "Portsmouth, MR 23," with some

other initials or figures best known to the person who impressed them. There is another post-office stamp; but it is quite illegible. The cost of postage marked across the address is "eightpence." I mention these *minutiae* to show readers of the "Bibliopolist," generally, that the letter is *primâ facie* genuine in its statements from the fact of its having been through the post; whilst I am able to add that I have reason to believe it was duly received by the noble poet.

The letter itself runs as follows:

(Copy).

"Portsmouth, March 23rd, 1823.

"My Lord,
"It is with great Reluctance that I now trouble you But on receiving your kind answer to the Letter I sent you whilst under confinement in Newgate, Intimating your Intention of sending Me a trifle I left word with my sister in law to call upon your Lordship with a Note from Me and If your Lordship was pleased to send me the trifle Promis'd for her to Remitt the Same to Me Immediately. In the course of the Week following I left Newgate and arrived Here, I then despatch'd a Letter to my sister in law But have not receiv'd any answer therefore am at a loss to Imagine whether she receiv'd the trifle from your Lordship or Not therefore I should take It as a favor If your Lordship would be Pleased to send me an answer to this By Return of Post. Direct for me On Board the Leviathan Portsmouth Harbour. I remain with Profound Respect

"Your Lordships nephew,

"WILLIAM CHARLES BYRON.

"Genl St. John will be pleas'd to accept my humble apology for troubling him but I hope he will transmitt this to his Lordship as Soon as Possible as I am Unacquainted with his Place of Abode and am only Inform'd of his Arrival By the Public Newspapers."

When this extraordinary letter was written Byron was "domesticated" with the Countess Guiccioli at the Villa Saluzzo, at Albano, a suburb of Genoa; whither he had gone from Pisa to reside in the preceding September, and whence he started on the Greek expedition on the 14th of the following July—dying at Missolonghi on the 9th of April, 1824. It is not likely, therefore, that the letter was ever replied to. Amongst the papers in my possession I can find nothing to throw any light on this impecunious member of the Byron family, if a member he was, though there is no doubt the letter duly reached its destination.

S. R. T. M.

Epitaph.—The following *bic jacet* was written by a husband on his departed wife, who was a notorious shrew :

"We lived one and twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could not stay her longer here,
She's gone I know not whither;
But did I know, I do protest,
(I speak it not to flatter),
Of all the women in the world,
I swear I'd ne'er come at her.
Her body is bestowed well,
This handsome grave doth hide her,
And sure her soul is not in h—,
The devil could ne'er abide her;
But I suppose she's soar'd aloft,
For in the late great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds asunder."

FREDK. RULE.

Napoleon's Use of Snuff.—A passage in Dr. Kenealy's speech for the defendant in the present Tichborne trial, will probably create or confirm in the minds of thousands of readers an erroneous impression respecting the personal habits of the great Napoleon. Roger Tichborne is described as one who "carried snuff about, not like an ordinary man, but in his waistcoat pocket, like Napoleon." With regard to this alleged habit, his private secretary, De Bourienne, in his "Life of Napoleon" (London, 1831), affords us the following unequivocal statement:

"All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff has no more foundation in truth than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true that at an early period of his life he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat pockets with snuff, for, I must again observe, he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree."—(Vol. i., p. 312.)

We find the common opinion contradicted in an equally positive manner by Constant, the Emperor's valet:

"It has been alleged that his Majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff, and that in order to take it with the greater facility, he carried it in his waistcoat pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the Emperor never took snuff except from a snuff-box, and though he used a good deal, he actually took but very little. He would frequently hold the snuff-box to his nose, merely to smell the snuff; at other times he would take a pinch, and, after smelling it for a moment, he would throw it away. Thus it fre-

quently happened that the spot where he was sitting or standing was strewn with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. He had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoise-shell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval, with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to use both hands to open them, and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or the lid fall. His snuff was generally very coarse rappee, but he sometimes liked to have several kinds of snuff mixed together."—*Memoires de Constant*, vol. ii., p. 87.

J. H. I. OAKLEY.

[TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be glad to receive and publish items—literary, dramatic, or historical—of interest to the readers of the BIBLIOPOLIST. Everything of value to the *American Antiquary*, *Book-worm*, or *Print Collector*, will meet with especial welcome.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS will, we trust, excuse our suggesting to them, both for their sakes as well as our own—

I. That they should write clearly and distinctly—and on one side of the paper only—more especially proper names and words and phrases of which an explanation may be required. We cannot undertake to puzzle out what a Correspondent does not think worth the trouble of writing plainly.

II. That Quotations should be verified by precise references to edition, chapter, and page.

III. CORRESPONDENTS who reply to *Queries* would add to their obligation by precise reference to volume and page where such *Queries* are to be found. The omission to do this saves the writer very little trouble, but entails much to supply such omission.

IV. All communications should contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

PLEASURES, OBJECTS,

AND

ADVANTAGES OF LITERATURE.

By R. A. WILLMOTT.

I.—THE DESIGN AND LIMITATIONS OF THIS DISCOURSE.

I do not propose to speak of literature in the widest sense, as including everything that requires invention, judgment or industry, but only in its decorative character. For, as out of three primitive colors the pencil creates nine, and lesser tints and shades innumerable, so from the elements

of Poetry, Eloquence and Philosophy, the variegated graces of the Divine, the Historian and the Novelist, are composed. Bacon referred the three parts of learning to the corresponding qualities of the intellect; History to the memory, Poetry to the imagination, and Philosophy to the reason. My subject is the ornamental in knowledge. But since the criterion of usefulness is found in the result, whatever is beautiful is also profitable. The pictures of Raffaele teach virtue, and a sermon of Taylor is more binding than an Act of Parliament. This truth should be kept in view. Education is the apprenticeship of life.

A discourse upon literature is not unlike a landscape seen from a hill. Only here and there may we hope to catch a glimpse of the great river of learning, "whose head, being far in the land, is, at first rising, little and easily viewed; but still, as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank—not without pleasure and delightful winding—while it is on both sides set with trees and the beauty of various flowers; but still, the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader it is, till, at last, it enwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean." We shall have clearer impressions of what we see, in proportion as our gaze is patient and our objects are few.

Science is not embraced in the pleasures of literature. Refined readers and noble authors are made without it. Ingenuity has endeavored to show its healthful influence on the inventive faculty; and a biographer of Tasso traces his lucid method to this harsher erudition, and the intricacy of Spencer to the neglect of it. Virgil and Milton are called as witnesses for the argument; but he who sees the symmetry of the *Æneid* in the geometry of the author, could account for the rural sweetness of the *Elegy* by the botany of Gray. Genius finds its own road, and carries its own lamp. The fourth proposition of Euclid troubled Alfieri for several years, yet he could con-

struct a story and reason in verse. Fleury might question the usefulness of logic, when he observed so many people arguing well who did not know it, and badly who did.

Mathematical studies have one leading defect; they engage the understanding without nourishing it, and often resemble an elaborate mechanism to convey water, without a spring or a reservoir to feed the pipes. In moral impression they are powerless. Burnet puts this objection with force: "Learning chiefly in mathematical sciences can so swallow up and fix one's thought, as to possess it entirely for some time; but when that amusement is over, nature will return and be where it was, being rather diverted than overcome by such speculations." These, among other reasons, induced Bossuet to banish science from theological reading, and Fénelon to turn from what he called the diabolism of Euclid. We have the humiliating confession of a most famous English astronomer, to serve as a note for the poetical lamentation, that—

"Never yet did philosophic tube,

That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers—else
Not visible—His family of worlds,
Discover Him that rules them: such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine."

Cowper, pursuing with the eyes of devotion and love the summer sun, as it set over the village spire of Emberton, may have felt his heart swelling with a grander sense of the Creator's glory than has often quickened the pulse of all the watchers of the stars, from the Chaldeans to Herschel.

II.—THE LONG LIFE OF BOOKS.

There are two aspects under which we might regard language as a channel for communicating instruction and pleasure. One would be SPEECH. How astonishing it is to know that a man may stand in the crowd of learned or ignorant, thoughtful or

reckless hearers—all the elements of reason and passion tumultuously tossed together—and knock at the door of each heart in succession! Think how this wonder has been wrought already. By Demosthenes waving the stormy democracy into a calm, from a sunny hill-side; by Plato enchainning the souls of his disciples under the boughs of a dim plane-tree; by Cicero in the stern silence of the Forum; by Chatham in the chapel of St. Stephen. They knocked and entered; wandered through the bosoms of their hearers; threaded the dark labyrinths of feeling; aroused the fiercest passions in their lone concealment. They did more. In every heart they erected a throne, and gave laws. The Athenian populace started up with one accord and one cry to march upon Philip; the Senate throbbed with indignation at Catiline; and the British Parliament was dissolved for a few hours, that it might recover from the wand of the enchanter.

But it is in the second manifestation of language that the most marvellous faculty resides; the written outlives and out-dazzles the spoken word. The life of rhetoric perishes with the rhetorician; it darkens with his eye, stiffens with his hand, freezes with his tongue. The bows of eloquence are buried with the archers. Where is the splendid declamation of Bolingbroke? It has vanished, like his own image, from the grass-plots of Twickenham.

That intellect, to which the printing press gives a body, an unquenchable spirit inhabits. Literature is the immortality of speech. It embalms for all ages the departed kings of learning, and watches over their repose in the eternal pyramids of Fame. The sumptuous cities which have lighted the world since the beginning of time, are now beheld only in the pictures of the historian or the poet. Homer rebuilds Troy, and Thucydides renews the war of Peloponnesus. The dart that pierced the Persian breast-plate moulders in the dust of Marathon; but the arrow of

Pindar quivers, at this hour, with the life of his bow; like the discus of Hippomedon,

"Jamque procul meminit dextræ, servatque tenorem."

We look with grateful eyes upon this preservative power of literature. When the Gothic night descended over Europe, Virgil and Livy were nearly forgotten and unknown; but far away, in lone corners of the earth, amid silence and shadow, the ritual of Genius continued to be solemnized; without, were barbarism, storm and darkness; within, light, fragrance and music. So the sacred fire of Learning burnt upon its scattered shrines, until torch after torch carried the flame over the world.

One of the Spanish romancers shows Cydippe contemplating herself in a glass, and the power of Venus making the reflection permanent. The fable has a new and pleasanter reading in the history of Literature. A book becomes a mirror, with the author's face shining over it. Talent only gives an imperfect image—the broken glimmer of a countenance. But the features of Genius remain unruffled. Time guards the shadow. Beauty, the spiritual Venus—whose children are the Tassos, the Spencers, the Bacons—breathes the magic of her love, and fixes the face for ever.

These glasses of fancy, eloquence or wisdom, possess a stranger power. Illuminated by the sun of fame, they throw rays over watchful and reverent admirers. The beholder carries away some of the gilding lustre. And thus it happens that the light of Genius never sets, but sheds itself upon other faces, in different hues of splendor. Homer glows in the softened beauty of Virgil, and Spenser revives in the decorated learning of Gray.

Art has been less happy in its self-protection. Look at Correggio's "Notte," where the light breaks from the Heavenly Child. Towards the close of the last century, a director of the Dresden Gallery removed the *toning*, and deprived the picture of one of its fairest charms. Fifty years ago, observers complained that the color was gone from the "Cornaro Family" of Titian. The Helen of Homer and the Faëry Queen of Spenser are safe from such a catastrophe. Lalage has not lost a dim-

ple. The tears still glisten in the eyes of Erminia. The coarsest rubbings of critical pens, or the harsher resolvents of digamma and allegory, have left the features, and even the bloom of expression, unimpaired.

The poem, or the history, is also protected from the restorer. Lord Orford told Gilpin that the great Vandyck at Wilton had been retouched by an inferior pencil, to which some of its discord of colors may be attributed. Dryden constructed a graceful allegory of Time, leaning over the work of a great master, with that ready pencil and ripening hand which

"Mellow the colors and imbrown the tint."

But Pope wrote the true story of Art when he said, with the exquisite taste and feeling with which he always spoke of painters, as Milton of music, and Thomson of scenery,

"So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
When a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colors soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colors the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away."

It is not pretended that the genius of the pen is safe from all casualties that beset his brother of the pencil. I have not forgotten Hume's letter to Robertson about the gentleman who, sending for a pound of raisins, received them wrapped up in the Doctor's highly-drawn character of Queen Elizabeth. Literature has its complaint as well as its pæan. The splendid libraries of Rome are consumed by fire, and the unknown treasures of Greece perish in the sack of Constantinople. Still the poet and the historian maintain their supremacy over the artist and the sculptor. A mob shatters into dust that statue of Minerva whose limbs seemed to breathe under the flowing robe, and her lips to move; but the fierceness of the Goth, the ignorance of the Crusader, and the frenzy of the polemic, have not destroyed or mutilated Penelope and Electra. Apelles dies; Æschylus lives. And if we have lost Phidias, Homer gives us a Jupiter in gold.

(To be continued.)

GOSSIP ABOUT PORTRAITS.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

The learned Benedict Baudouin, in his treatise on an old shoe ("de Solea veterum"), if he does not exactly make Father Adam the first shoemaker, claims for him at least the glory of having been the first shoe-wearer, for he maintains that God, in giving Adam skins of beasts for clothes, did not leave him to go barefooted, but gave him shoes of the same material; an assertion, however, that M. Lartet or Sir C. Lyell, with their experience of early civilization and aboriginal races, might be disposed to controvert. We are not going to enter into this argument, and only refer to it as an example of the practice of beginning all treatises by showing the immense antiquity of the subject the writer is descending upon. As regards portraits, it would not be difficult in the same way to plead for them the excuse or justification of an equally old reputation, for not only do Roman writers mention them, but they may be traced through Greece and Egypt up to Adam and Eve, who, we know, wore each other's miniatures from the very day of their falling in love.*

The old monk in the Spanish monastery, who had seen so many of his brothers pass away, and said, as he looked on the picture of Velasquez in the refectory, "I sometimes think *we* are the shadows," only gave expression to the thought of many a one who has abided long in the presence of a noble portrait in some great house—ay, or of one who has lived long in the presence

* "Look in my eyes, my blushing fair!
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there:
And, as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me."—MOORE.

And similar verses have been written by a hundred others. Lord Chesterfield, though sufficiently proud of his pedigree, and only bending in one direction, could not forbear ridiculing the pride of families older than his own, by placing among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed "Adam de Stanhope" and "Eve de Stanhope." This, by the by, is another proof that portraits are as old as Adam and Eve!

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of some noble engraving of Vandyke or Reynolds in some humble household. We think the passage which dwells most in our mind of all in Leslie's admirable "Life of Constable," is a little extract from a letter of Bishop Fisher, describing his visit to a poor clergyman, whose house contained but one picture, the print from Stothard, of Chaucer and his brother pilgrims journeying towards Canterbury, "with the early dawn breaking over the Dulwich hills"! As this humble priest baptized and married and buried his parishioners, and duly performed the services in the village church, and read his quiet sermon, and came back and sat under his picture and prepared his address for the next Sunday—how often did he think of the glorious permanence of art, and of the perishableness of all the strength of mortality! Roger Flail, the village champion, was drowned last week in the mill-dam; Bella Pearl died yesterday of the fever; and old Hearty, who looked as if he would last forever, now lies cold and dead, though he ate a tremendous supper of cheese and cucumbers only last night—but there, in the parson's study, in the evening sunshine, still calmly smiles Geoffrey Chaucer, hale and thoughtful and gentle, as he looked twenty years since—as he looked four hundred years ago!

Let us think of the "collector" with respect, notwithstanding that he may be occasionally afflicted with a "mania." We deem it a fair desire to wish to possess these objects that are so valuable, not only as works of art "but as portraits" in their associations and suggestiveness; for it is only when we are surrounded with them as household gods that we can thoroughly appreciate them. And sometimes collections are dispersed, and chances are offered to the wealthy or influential of securing for themselves some of those treasures which have appeared quite out of reach; so, if they cannot have altogether what they love, they learn to love what they have—many things are preserved together that would

otherwise be scattered piecemeal; and, thus, much learning and information are augmented, and the love of art "doth grow by what it feeds on."

II.—PORTRAIT COLLECTIONS.

Were it not that some few other animals seem, in a small degree, to have somewhat of the same faculty, man might be defined a scraping or collecting animal, for there is scarcely an individual of the genus but manifests this peculiarity; some in scraping or collecting for their own subsistence or that of their offspring; many for the gratification of their senses or intellect, irrespective of physical wants of increase or preservation. Ages and ages ago, thousands of years before MM. Boucher, or Lartet, or Christy, Evans, Brown, or Blackmore formed *their* collections of flint implements, there were doubtless other gentlemen known by synonyms of "Big-flint-splitter," "Neat-chip-chopper," "Through-ice-catchee-fish-flint-flaker," who prided themselves on wonderful collections of flint arrow-heads and skin-scrapers. Since that time collections of all sorts of things then undreamed of have been formed. Pictures, statues, china, butterflies, stuffed birds, and beetles will occur at once, but scarcely anything can be named that has not been petted by somebody.

We were shown the other day a neat little cabinet, belonging to a great traveller and naturalist, in which were labelled and described nearly 400 different species or varieties of bugs!* George the Fourth collected "saddles." The Princess Charlotte, and many besides, collected "shells," of which some of the ugliest, being fortunately the rarest, are very valuable. For a very rare one, Rumfius, a collector of old, though stone blind, is said to have given £1,000! Tulips were once a favorite subject with collectors, especially in Holland,

* The Ray Society have published an elaborate work on these interesting creatures, illustrated with twenty-one plates, crowded with specimens!

where the sums given for new or rare roots were enormous. One root once sold for 4,600 florins (about £370) together with a new carriage, a pair of gray horses, and a set of harness. Other flowers have since become favorites in succession, as auriculas, picotees, dahlias, and now, roses. Mr. Tighe and others collected shop-bills (of which Hogarth's is worth more than a hundred times its weight in gold) and tobacco papers. Snuff-boxes have been much patronized by collectors, and when we see, how wondrously beautiful and rich they have been made, it is not matter of surprise that the diamonded and enamelled beauties should have been coveted. It is recorded of Mr. Norris, a snuff-taker as well as a snuff-box collector, that he had so many as never to take a pinch of snuff twice out of the same box. Mr. Urquhart collected the halters with which criminals had been hanged, and Dr. Heavyside made a little gallery of casts from their faces, a practice still continued by a well-known phrenologist. Suett, the comedian, collected wigs—about which a history might be written, starting with the periwigs of Charles the Second (or before, for they had wigs in old Rome and Egypt), taking in Hogarth's plates, and recording, among many others, Pennant's wig-madness and his hurried "Tour of Chester;" and wigs suggest skulls, of which many collections have lately been made, particularly by students of ethnology. Dr. Thurnam has a large collection of Anglo Saxon, Roman and British skulls, found in England; and Dr. B. Davis is said to have as many as 1,400 or 1,500! In the naughty Tom and Jerry times it was a fashion with the "fast gents" of the period to collect knockers, bell-pulls, rattles, lanterns and staves of the old watchmen or "Charlies," and in short anything they could preserve as trophies of a night in Covent Garden.* Some men seem to have

* Of these "Charlies" of the good old times here is an anecdote, not generally known Horace Walpole, in 1742, writes: "There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable. A parcel of drunken constables took it into their heads

collected wives, one Langford being sentenced to seven years transportation for indulging his fancy in this way to as many as seven; and some women have collected "husbands," as that lady of Haarlem, who, in 1641, "had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow was prohibited to marry in future, yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble."** Others, of greater note, have employed themselves in collecting everything they could lay their hands on, forming what are called "museums"—such were Ashmole, Tradescant, Sir Hans Sloane (whose collection purchased, very much below its value, for £20,000, formed the nucleus of the British Museum), Sir Aston Lever, Sir John Soane, &c. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, being asked by Sir Hans Sloane to send him what curiosities he could find in his travels, sent him a poetical catalogue of "rarities," from which the following are extracts:

"I've ravag'd air, earth, seas and caverns,
Men, women, children, towns and taverns;
And greater rarities can show,
Than Gresham's children† ever knew:

to put the laws into execution against disorderly persons, and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six and twenty, all of whom they threw into St. Martin's round-house, where they kept them all night, with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water—one poor wretch said she was worth eighteen pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain! So well did they keep them there, that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered. Several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest laboring women—one of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent Garden, and took up Jack Spencer, Mr. Stewart and Lord George Graham, and would have thrust them into the round-house with the poor women, if they had not been worth more than eighteen pence!"—Letter to Sir Horace Mann, i. 189, ed. 1833. It may be as well to add that the keeper of the round-house was tried, but acquitted of wilful murder.

* Evelyn's Diary.

† The Fellows of the Royal Society, who held their meetings originally in Gresham College.

From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send
Which brought Queen Dido to her end.
The stone whereby Goliath died,
Which cures the headache, well apply'd.
A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
Time us'd to whet his scythe withal;
The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent
To tell him when the waters went.
A ring I've got of Samson's hair,
The same which Dalilah did wear:
Saint Dunstan's tongs, which story shows
Did pinch the devil by the nose.
The very shaft, as all may see,
Which Cupid shot at Antony;
And, which above the rest I prize,
A glance of Cleopatra's eyes;
Some strains of eloquence which hung,
In Roman times, on Tully's tongue;

I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
Found in the bottom of a mine;
A lawyer's conscience, large and fair,
Fit for a judge himself to wear.
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
Close cork'd, some drops of honesty,
Which, after searching kingdoms round,
At last were in a cottage found;
An antidote, if such there be,
Against the charms of flattery.
I ha'nt collected any care,
Of that there's plenty everywhere;
But after wondrous labors spent,
I've got one grain of rich content.
This my wish, it is my glory,
To furnish your nicknackatory."

Of collections of pictures of a general character a long list might be made, and there are in England several fine collections of statues, ancient and modern. We don't know, however, that we have any such enthusiasts, as antiquaries, as a gentleman mentioned by Evelyn, who, being at Rome in 1644, went "to the house of Hippolite Vitellesco (afterwards bibliothecary of ye Vatican Library) who show'd us one of the best collections of statues in Rome, to which he frequently talks as if they were living, pronouncing now and then orations, sentences, and verses, sometimes kissing and embracing them. He has a head of Brutus, scarr'd in the face by order of the senate for killing Julius; this is much esteemed." Special collections of portraits do not, however, seem to have met with much favor. One of the earliest collectors in England was William Earl of Pembroke, of the time of James the First, who was quite famous as a physiognomist, and who formed a special collection of portraits at Wilton. General Fairfax is said to have collected portraits of warriors; and a few

others might be named as having added to their own family portraits those of their friends, or of persons whose position or talents rendered them celebrated. But it was reserved for Lord Chancellor Clarendon to form the first important collection of English worthies. When he built his grand house in Piccadilly, he appears to have arranged a gallery of portraits on a well-considered plan. They were limited to those of eminent men of his own country, but not restricted to any particular class. Evelyn being asked to give his advice, recommended a considerable addition of above forty persons in the classes of "Learned," "Politicians," and "Soldiers." "Some of which," he says, "tho' difficult to procure originals of, yet happily copies might be found out upon diligent enquiry." In a letter to Pepys he observes, after mentioning a similar list, "When Lord Clarendon's design of making this collection was known, everybody who had any of the portraits, or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by presenting them. By this means he got many excellent pieces of Vandyke, and other originals by Lely and others, the best of our modern masters' hands." Lady T. Lewis has enlarged on this subject in her work on the friends of Lord Clarendon, in which she describes the pictures and the origin of the gallery.* This collection of portraits was already very extensive when Clarendon went into exile, and he was then getting a long list from Evelyn in order to add to it. In a letter to Pepys, and in his "Numismata," Evelyn enumerates, from memory, nearly a hundred illustrious Englishmen whose portraits he had seen at Clarendon House, and which were afterwards removed to Cornbury in Oxfordshire.

Among collections of portraits, few are more interesting than society and club collections, such as those that adorn the walls of the Royal Society, the Garrick Club, &c., and among them must always be remembered that which has given a name to a particular size of portrait canvas (36 x 28), namely, the Kit Cat Club. Why so called, nobody seems ever to have known, for Pope, Arbuthnot, and others, flourishing almost contemporary with its formation, are un-

* Three vols. 8vo, 1852.

certain as to the origin of the title. It seems probable that it was derived from the name of the keeper of the tavern where the meetings were held, one Christopher Kat. Arbuthnot says, very ungallantly:

"Whence deathless Kit-Kat took his name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from pastrycook it came,
And some from cat and fiddle.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Gray statesmen or green wits,
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old cats and young kits."

For the glasses of the club were inscribed with the names of the reigning beauties, and with complimentary verses. Jacob Tonson was secretary, and he had his own portrait, and those of all the members, about forty-eight in number, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. These are now in the possession of W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury, the representative of Jacob Tonson. They were engraved in mezzotint by Faber. Among the members were John Dryden, Sir J. Vanbrugh, Congreve, Sir Richard Steele, Addison, Garth, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Earl of Marlborough, Halifax, Pulteney, Sir Robert Walpole, &c.

Next to a gallery of portraits in oil, must be reckoned a cabinet of miniatures, and indeed if these are by masters like Oliver and Cooper and Petitôt, they are of equal value, both as portraits and pictures, with the larger works. But now nearly all the works of these celebrated artists are gathered into collections such as that of the Duke of Buccleugh, whence no collector can hope to charm them, charm he never so wisely. The first large collection of miniatures formed was that of Walpole. Until recently few persons sought for more than family portraits, or those of friends, and Walpole was enabled therefore to form his matchless collection of miniatures with comparative ease and at a comparatively moderate expense. At that time, he says, they were "superior to any other collection whatever," and particularly as regards the works of Peter and Isaac Oliver, "the best extant, and as perfect as when they came from the hand of the painter." What a melancholy time to the amateur was that at Strawberry Hill, in 1842, when these treasures were dispersed! In recalling that time, when we wandered through those rooms, looking listlessly at many objects

that to the connoisseur (not only of art but of history) "spoke volumes," we begin faintly to understand the worth of such collections. Then, to us, Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon (for instance) were simply two ladies admired by Louis XIV. La belle Stewart and the Countess of Castlemaine were, in like manner, only two beauties of the Court of Charles II. They were all naughty together. Who were Dr. Gauden, and Elias Ashmole, and Valentine Greatrakes, and Sir Samuel Morland, father and son? To us, even Ben Jonson and Massinger, and Greene and Marlowe, were hazy personages, and so with "many more." It is one of the advantages of portrait collections that we inquire about the lives of the men and women we see, and learn the hidden springs and wheels that have been at work in moving and ordering this great clock of ours.

But we may do all this comfortably at home, by our fireside, simply by the aid of engraving; which gives us, as our own property, to be used as we please, nearly all the advantages—except those attached to color—to be found in the picture gallery or the miniature room. Even the expression which *color* conveys cannot always be relied upon; therefore, really, engravings are not at such a disadvantage compared with paintings or miniatures as we might hastily assume. Besides the "flattering" tints put on by the painter, his sitter might be, and often was, guilty of a previous painting. A wit and gentleman of England's "Augustan age" (he would not have liked us to call him a poet, as Voltaire innocently did) speaks of such a one:

"Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning makes a new one;
Where's the wonder now?"

"Short, but there's salt in it."

A much more base deceiver has deserved the following epigram from F. M. Reynolds:

"Sappho, beauty and poet,
Has two little crimes!
She makes her own face,
And does not make her own rhymes!"

Color, then, is deceptive, and perhaps more deceptive than hard lines, but when it may

be depended on, what a tale it tells! As Donne said of a happy and virtuous lady—

"We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought!"

On the other hand, where there is silent misery, or sorrow, or hopeless love, as in the maid whose "history's a blank," we have "a green and yellow melancholy," for then "concealment,"

"Like a worm i' the bud,
Feeds on the damask cheek."

Irrespective, then, of color, which in a picture is generally the most false or flattered part of the likeness, a good engraving is almost as desirable as a good oil painting or miniature.

In speaking of the portrait collection his friend Pepys was anxious to form, Evelyn says: "I should not advise a solicitous expense of having the pictures painted in oyle," and so he goes on to recommend "heads and effigies in *taille douce*" (or engravings), and says, "some are so well done to the life that they may stand in competition with the best paintings. This were a cheape and so much a more useful curiosity as they seldom are without their names, ages, and elogies of the persons whose portraits they represent. I say you will be exceedingly pleased to contemplate the effigies of those who have made such a noise and bustle in the world, either by their madnesses and folly, or a more conspicuous figure by their wit and learning."* Although to Evelyn and Ashmole and Pepys must perhaps be ascribed the honor of forming the earliest large collections of engraved portraits in England, they were certainly not the first who had done so partially. Many of the portraits collected by the Earl of Pembroke, principally as studies in physiognomy, were engravings formed into books: and about the same time were published in volumes the series of portraits known as the *Baziliologia*, or *Book of Kings*, and the *Heroölogia*, containing martyrs, naval heroes, &c., of both of which works we shall speak under another heading.

* Letter to Pepys, 1689. Evelyn's *Memoirs*, ii. 235 to 252. This long letter contains some very interesting facts and remarks, not only on portraits, but on medals and libraries, and though much of it was repeated from his "*Numismata*," published 1687,

At this time also it was frequently the practice to prefix a portrait of the author of a work to his book, if his fame seemed to call for it; and this custom became, later, quite general, till, in the seventeenth century, scarcely a pamphlet or sermon appeared without a portrait at the beginning. In the eighteenth century these prints were too often cut out of the books and placed in portfolios, forming collections of portraits similar to those coveted by Evelyn and Pepys; and then appeared the work of Granger, his celebrated "*Biographical History of England*," describing all the engraved portraits he could see or hear of, and giving short and pithy notices of the persons represented.*

there will be found in it much original and uncopied matter.

* To illustrate this work with the portraits designated became quite a mania, and as illustrated Grangers were soon as "plenty as blackberries," other works were chosen for a similar purpose, as Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, &c. These works, interesting in themselves, were certainly made more attractive by such illustrations, and the occupation of searching for the prints, arranging them, and adding, sometimes, notes or additional information respecting the portraits, was innocent, amusing, and improving, in many ways, to the collector. It did not, however, improve the appearance of his purse, for many of the prints required were extremely rare, and consequently very expensive. As an example of the expensive and extensive way in which these illustrations were sometimes carried out, might be cited the "*Sutherland Clarendon*," now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which probably cost much more than £5,000. Of this we shall give some particulars in the chapter on "Prints." But there is no need to make such heavy demands on the pocket to make a fair and interesting collection of portraits, which may be arranged either to illustrate some work, or simply to illustrate a period of history or a class of persons. The period or class chosen must of course depend on the sympathies or associations of the collector, and its extent would be regulated by his means. Whether Elizabeth, James, Charles, or other reigns be chosen; whether the state, the bar, the drama, or other specialty be adopted; whether the local celebrities of some particular county or city be portrayed; there will be ample scope for portrait illustration—and "room and verge enough" for annotation. Where "illustration" is not designed, but simply collections of portraits of eminent persons in some particular walk of life, they may be arranged under one of the following classes, which are nearly those adopted by Granger, viz.: Kings and Royal Family; Nobility; Clergy; Learned Men, Physicians, Poets, and Literary Men; Lawyers; the Army; the Navy; Artists (as Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Musicians, Engravers, &c.); Ladies of Title; Gentlewomen; Curious Characters, Actors, &c.

To collect all the portraits that have ever been engraved is of course a hopeless task, and there would necessarily be so many important hiatuses that no one, probably, now-a-days will enter on the undertaking. Yet in the days of Granger it was attempted, and it must have been an exciting occupation, too serious for an amusement or recreation, for the several collectors, who then all ran for the same goal, to outdo and outbid each other in forming their collections. It is astonishing how interesting a collection may be made of portraits of a more limited range. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, or Lodge's Memoirs, are more readable than the Biographia Britannica, or Bayle's Dictionary; and two or three folios of portraits of a particular class, or of a particular era, well arranged and annotated, may be made much more amusing, recreative and interesting than dozens of cabinets filled with a miscellaneous assemblage of portraits of people of all sorts who have lived "everywhen" and everywhere. As a good poet is great in the "art to blot," the collector must learn the art to omit. He should select some book, or some era, or some class, to illustrate with portraits, and elucidate and ornament with notes, and then try to make that as perfect as he can. A well-arranged tiara of a few gems is more attractive than the whole miscellaneous contents of a lapidary's drawer. Of course he will select a subject in which he may take an interest, but whatever subject he takes up he will find its interest grow, and he will have no need to "feign a relish till a relish come."

Granger has a class of "Remarkable or Eccentric Characters," in which he includes such persons as either Mr. Richardson or Mr. Barnum would have been glad to have seen in their shows at Bartlemy Fair or New York. And some of these people are wonders in their way, and were as much so in days past as they would be at the present time. Mistress Barbara Vanbeck was certainly a greater prodigy as a hairy lady than Madame Pastrina; and Blondin, who has been patronized by millions, was outdone in the time of Cromwell by the Turk, or the *Funamble Turk*, of whom Evelyn thus discourses, Sept. 15, 1657: "Going to London with some company, we stopt in to see a famous rope-dancer called *The Turk*. I saw even to

my astonishment y^e agility with which he perform'd; he walk'd barefooted, taking hold by his toes only, of a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hands; he daunc'd blindfold on y^e high rope and with a boy of twelve years old tied to one of his feet about twenty foote beneath him, dangling as he daunce'd, yet he mov'd as nimbly as if he had been but a feather. Lastly he stood on his head on y^e top of a very high mast, daunc'd on a small rope that was very slack, and finally flew down y^e perpendicular, on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers other activities." Hogarth's plate of Southwark Fair would alone be a good book to illustrate as respects subjects of this nature, as it represents some of the most popular exhibitions of his period, which, fully described, would be better than a visit to the fair itself; and it would not have the defect which voluminous works on the subject have, like *Jest Books* and *Ana*, of wearying by profuseness. At this fair, in 1660, Evelyn saw some wonderful performances of *monkeys* turning somersaults with baskets of eggs and vessels of water on their heads, without breaking or spilling the contents. Among other things, "here was a man who tooke up a piece of iron cannon of about 400 lb weight with the hair of his head only!" Thus it is not absolutely necessary to select a work to be illustrated. The collector may himself make a book by collecting some series of portraits, as of statesmen, poets, actors, &c., &c., of some particular period, and placing opposite to each a few salient biographical paragraphs. A few dates should be given, as of birth, death, &c., but no attempt need be made to furnish a full biography. It should be endeavored rather to heighten our interest in the portrait by recalling or recording a few anecdotes than to attempt to vie with a biographical dictionary. Just as in passing along a gallery of portraits, or noticing those in a great house, we pause not only to criticise the figure, or the complexion and expression of the face, but to remark such and such an event in the life of him or her who is before us. What is wanted in these inscriptions is not a serious biography of the individual, but, besides a few special facts and dates, some short characteristic anecdotes not generally met with in biographies, but to be picked up in

"Memoires pour servir," and similar Ana. For instance, everybody knows the "historical" first William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle; but the "History of England" scarcely presents them so vividly before us, "in their habits as they lived," as their portraits and a few chatty words from Horace Walpole about them, before Pitt had the "fall up-stairs," which made him Earl of Chatham. Remember that Mr. Pitt was a martyr to the gout, and the Duke of Newcastle a martyr to the fear of catching cold and sleeping in damp beds, and then listen to Mr. Horatio: "Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bedclothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into a mistake, to send for him and read him a lecture. The duke was sent for once, and came when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it, as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bedclothes"—thus helping to form a cabinet picture which we are not aware has been painted, but which, if we have the portraits of the two ministers before us, may be easily imagined. The sharp features of Pitt, increased by the twinges of gout and the necessity for a lecture, at one end of the room, and the black muzzle and bushy eyebrows of the duke (a sort of saturnine "double" of C. J. Fox), monstrously looming through the white clouds of the bedclothes at the other, form a tableau worthy of being realized by the historic pencil of one of our popular painters.

Something similar to the inscriptions or notes required to a collection of portraits, is Rossi's Pinacotheca, a curious collection of biographic portraits in miniature, but the best models of the kind, notwithstanding some defects, are Walpole and Gran-ger.

We have said that almost the first great or systematic collectors of engraved portraits in England were Evelyn and Pepys;

the former having the start. It was not till about 1668 that Pepys began collecting portraits, getting many of Nanteuil, &c., from France, and being helped with the advice of Evelyn, as well as with specimens from his collection. In 1669 he went to France, and doubtless collected there many things (which are now in the Pepysian Library) on the recommendation of his friend, who says in one of his letters at this time, printed by Lord Braybrooke, "They will greatly refresh you in your study, and by your fireside, when you are many years returned."

Yes, they will indeed refresh you! This is one of the great charms of such reminiscences of travel, that when you come home you are constantly travelling again in looking over sketches, pictures and books. You see an engraving of the Madonna della Sedia, and away you are at once, quicker than the telegraph, to Florence the Fair, and to that sunny day when, crossing the Arno by the Ponte Vecchio, you first came to the Palazzo Pitti, and, passing by wonders and wonders of art, you stopped at last by the Raffaele, and forgot the world, absorbed by that which is indeed "a joy forever." In the same way you turn over a folio of portraits. Here are Elizabeth, Leicester, Raleigh, Shakespeare, Melville and Mary of Scots—and you walk about London and Greenwich, and visit the world of three hundred years ago! Or you take up a folio of a later period, where are Charles the Second, Buckingham, Rochester, Grammont, Sedley, Killigrew, York, Clarendon, Dryden, Lely, Castlemaine, Stewart, Nelly, and the Queen—and you are dining at one o'clock with the learned Mr. Evelyn and the wondrous Pepys, talking and telling anecdotes (with a good deal of relish) of the bad goings on of those times, A.D. 1656. Or, whisking out another folio, you rush off to Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and laugh and criticise, mourn and moralize with Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke and Garrick, and think of Hogarth "over the way," and of Chesterfield, Walpole, the Gunnings, Kitty Clive, Nelly O'Brien, and of many more who have, unconsciously to themselves and to us, moved the world a step more forward. These are among the charms, the pleasures and advantages of collections of portraits.

(To be continued.)

THACKERAY.

Continued from page 97.

Thackeray rose to the perfection of his art in fiction in "The Newcomes;" and it is such books as this which show us what a fine teacher and instructor the novel may become in the hands of genius. In the representation of human nature this story is worthy of Richardson or Fielding. It is the *chef d'œuvre*, in our opinion, of its author. There is not lacking that infinite sarcasm observable in previous works, but the writer has touched more deeply the springs of human sympathy. Within the whole scope of fiction there is no single character which stands out more nobly for the admiration of readers to all time than that of Colonel Newcome. The painter of that portrait alone might well lay claim to an undying canvas. As faithfully and as naturally as though limned by the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, the features of the old soldier appear before us. Having written "The Newcomes" Thackeray may be said to have shaken hands as an equal with the two or three great masters of fiction. If it be the province of the novelist to depict human nature as it is, it must be conceded, at any rate, that there was nothing else left for the author to do to entitle him to the highest honors of his class. Nor is it a little singular too, that in the story just mentioned Thackeray has given us the best female character which has proceeded from his fertile brain,—Ethel Newcome. She comes to us as the sweet teacher of more goodness and religion than a whole company of preachers. We are inclined to agree with her cousin Clive Newcome that to look into her eyes would be almost too much for such unworthy, imperfect creatures as men, and that she is one of that rare class of beings sent into the world occasionally to tell us that Heaven has not altogether forgotten us. What a story of society "The Newcomes" is! First we have the Newcome family, with Sophia Alethea, whose mission and self-imposed duty it was "to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the right way; to head all the public

charities of her sect; and do a thousand secret kindnesses that none knew of; to answer myraids of letters, pension endless ministers, and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby linen," all which she did "womanfully" for nigh fourscore years. Then we have the Honeymans, with the singular story of the Rev. Charles. Clive Newcome's uncles occupy a large portion of the narrative, and Sir Barnes Newcome appears and contrives to earn our unmitigated contempt. Grey Friars looms into view, with the hero Clive at school within its precincts. Good James Binnie is introduced, and honest J. J. Ridley. Electioneering contests, with all their humor, are portrayed, while the scheming members of society are also flayed for their snobbery. From the heartlessness of vampires and fools,—the Floracs, the Kews, etc.,—we are pleased to hurry away and to light upon such passages of sweetness and beauty as this, where the colonel on his arrival in England from India is welcomed by his little niece Ethel:—

"He took a little slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter; he cleared the gizzled moustachio from his mouth, and stooping down he kissed the little white hand with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts far faithful years afterwards as though they looked at him out of heaven) seemed to shine upon him after five and thirty years. He remembered such a fair bending neck and clustering hair, such a light foot and airy figure, such a slim hand lying in his own—and now parted from it with a gap of ten thousand long days between. . . . Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or weeping in a post-chaise; it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth clouds close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls and it is eternal. Does a mother not love her dead infant? a man his lost mistress? with the fond wife nestling at his side,—yes, with twenty children smiling round her knee. No doubt, as the old soldier held the girl's hand in his, the little talisman led him back to Hades, and he saw Leonora."

The book has its love passages—in some cases sad and miserable. Chapters of pathetic interest abound, where the world is exhibited at its old tricks of topsy-turvy—Lady Clara loving Jack Belsize and being beloved madly in return, while her hand is sold to Sir Barnes Newcome, "society,"

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forsooth, blessing the bargain. Clive married to Rosey Mackenzie, whom he loves in a way, though his real devotion belongs to his cousin, who is put into the matrimonial auction and knocked down to an idiotic member of the peerage. As for the marriages which "have been arranged," who has not heard uttered, as our satirist asks, "the ancient words, 'I promise to take thee,' etc., knowing them to be untrue; and is there a bishop on the bench that has not Amen'd the humbug in his lawn sleeves, and called a blessing over the kneeling pair of perjurers?" Hypocrisy and humbug are succeeded by disaster in the novel. The grand old colonel is ruined by the failure of the celebrated Bundelcund Bank, but when there comes in his need a check from one whom he had helped in the days gone by, the bankrupt colonel only exclaims, "I thank my God Almighty for this!" and passes on the check immediately to another sufferer. The story rapidly progresses. The death of Colonel Newcome is told with a pathos almost unequalled, and dear old Grey Friars becomes once more the witness of a scene to be ever held in remembrance. After this sad incident the novel speedily ends, with the united happiness of the two children whom the colonel had most dearly loved. It is one of the few books which we close with regret when we have finished them. Genial, generous, and noble in its sentiments, we seem almost to touch the mind of Thackeray while perusing it. It gives us full assurance that his mission was of far wider import than that of a mere scourger of society. It is evidently written by a man who loves the world, though he hates its follies. He has scorn for its dissimulation, indignation for its oppression, smiles for its happiness, and tears for its woes.

In continuation of his previous novel "Esmond," Thackeray returned to the historical vein in "The Virginians," which follows the fortunes of the Esmond family after its migration to America. It was one of his characteristics that the creations of his art acquired so complete a reality that he could not part from them, and they continued, as it were, to live on, and reappeared in his later works long after the fiction which had given birth to them had come to a close. Thus his "Virginians" grew out of "Esmond," and it is one of

the pleasantest of his works. The course of true love pursues a devious way, and the follies of one character serve to set in bold relief the heroism of others. The fairer sex have no reason to complain of the treatment they receive at the hands of our author, and in this story two of their species are immortalized in a setting for which we shall be forever grateful. But while we are interested in much love we are also admonished by much morality, though the moralizing of Thackeray on all occasions is anything but offensive. He has the gift of so exhibiting foibles and weaknesses that there is no need for him to lash himself into a furious state of indignation, as the manner of some is; that calm, sneering smile is sufficiently effectual; heavy, clumsy weapons or bludgeons may make much demonstration, but it is the light, piercing touch of the pointed steel which is the most dangerous. Thackeray manages to find the one vulnerable point in our armor; he introduces the rapier of his sarcasm, and we are slain. There is no withstanding his weapon. Surely the world should be the better for the fearless work which this man accomplished! Honestly has he besought it to discard its deceit and selfishness, and who knows but vast results have followed the teaching of the lifelong lesson? Does he not ask us, brother man, to be more true to ourselves, to our own nature; to drop the cloak which we perpetually wear when we step forth into the world? He would have man walk abroad upright, strong in his own virtue, and not ashamed to meet his fellows, as though in the great game of life he was determined to reyoke through every trick in order to seize upon the stakes. And is it so very inhuman to help a friend or a brother that it has become so uncommon? Are the heavens always to appear as brass when the cry for help is raised? Harry Esmond Warrington "in his distress asked help from his relations; his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. . . . My Lord and Lady Skinfint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them, and then remain

together and talk nose to nose—what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among thieves and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?" Brave writer! these are manly words, but the world in great part still practices the selfish principle. It takes a long time to make it understand that a religious tract, though possibly very cheap, is not very filling to the hungry stomach, nor does it go far in clothing the shivering limbs. Cropping up here and there in his sparkling leaves, such are the lessons Thackeray would teach. In novels like "The Virginians" they are subordinate to the more leading purposes of the story, but human nature has changed little since the period when its scenes were fixed. Graphic pictures of American scenery abound in its pages, and celebrated characters of the reign of George II. appear on the stage. The philosophy of the novel may not be profound, but it is always plain and unmistakable. If there be any failure perceptible, it is a failure possessed in common with the greatest writers and dramatists, who, in attempting to depict the men, the morals, and the manners of a preceding age, have never been able entirely to get rid of their own.

The remaining works of fiction produced subsequently to "The Virginians" are somewhat slight in their construction (with the exception of one to be named), but generally exhibit great power. The exception, as regards length and plot, is "The Adventures of Philip," a work worthy almost to take rank with any of those which are more widely known, on account of its extremely realistic pictures of life, and its depth of human interest. In the sketches of those "who robbed Philip, those who helped him, and those who passed him by," we come upon varieties of love, passion, and duplicity, drawn with wondrous skill. The sad parts of the story are written with indelible ink, and all through that fine nervous sensibility which should distinguish the highest novelist is strikingly apparent. The same remark applies to that beautiful story of the "Hoggarty Diamond." Of the memoirs of that extraordinary youth, Barry Lyndon, it is scarcely necessary to say more than that they are told with no diminution of vigor; all the later short

stories of Thackeray, in fact, are written in English noticeable for its simplicity and purity. The wine is not so tart, does not sparkle quite so much, but it is mellower and there is greater body in it. What could more conclusively exhibit this than the story the author left unfinished, "Denis Duval?" Here we have the last lines he ever wrote—lines which triumphantly dispose of the taunt that Thackeray was writing himself out. Of few can it be said that their later works exhibit a strength and genius undimmed by time. Yet Thackeray was one of these. The period of decadence had not set in with him. He had only just reached the top of the hill, he had taken no steps on his descent. To his powers of perception, and his possession of the critical faculty in no small degree, "The Roundabout Papers," the inimitable Paris, Irish, and Eastern Sketches, and his imitation of contemporary authors, bear ample testimony; while "The Snob Papers," burlesques and ballads, overflow with comic humor. As regards the authorship of ballads alone, we have no writer of *vers de société* at the present time who could be put into competition with him. "Pleasant X." is famous; yet even Præd or Father Prout can show nothing better than "Peg of Limavaddy," "At the Church Gate," and "Little Billee." Novel, sketch, ballad, or essay, Thackeray has summed up in great part the lessons he would inculcate in verses which will be within recollection:—

"Oh, Vanity of Vanities!

How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

"Though thrice a thousand years are past,
Since David's son the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

"Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing,
Fresh comments on the old, old tale,
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

In noticing the various works of Thackeray thus briefly, we have purposely left the lectures on the Four Georges and the English Humorists till the close, as they belong to a new and entirely distinct class of effort. Probably this was the first occasion on which a writer assumed the lecturer and the critic in one. Those who

were privileged to hear the author deliver his lectures in person will remember how he took the town by storm, and the same enthusiasm was manifested when Thackeray came to Edinburgh and visited the principal towns in England and America, where the whole of the intellectual classes of the population flocked to hear him. To hear the opinions of a well-known literary man on his distinguished predecessors delivered *viva voce* was naturally attractive, and the imposing form of Titmarsh with his snowy hair has not yet passed out of the recollections of his auditors. We heard him on the age in which he was thoroughly at home. He had made that period in a manner his own by an intimate knowledge of all its leading spirits, and he appeared to strike a chord of self-satisfaction when he said, "I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I." This immediately takes him to the time of Johnson, Goldsmith, Steele, Pope, and Swift, and he is happy. He then goes on to talk pleasantly of the times and manners of the Four Georges, not sparing the gall of satire, however, when he deems it necessary to mix it with his ink. As a citizen of the time he thus describes the advent of the first George, and the facts of history but too fully justify the sweeping condemnation.

"Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself at the head of his church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the Defender of the Faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling, too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James I.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; there are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster."

But foolish as the foreign gentleman was, he was astute enough to see through loyalty of this description. The bargain with England was that she wanted a Protestant puppet, and as George was not unwilling, for a consideration, matters were arranged. Though not without his faults, George I. had, as Thackeray points out, the counter-vailing virtues of justice, courage, and moderation. In introducing his immediate suc-

cessor, the essayist sketches a memorable scene. An eager messenger in jack-boots, who had ridden from London, forced his way into a bedroom in Richmond Lodge, where the master was taking a nap after dinner. With a strong German accent and many oaths, the man on the bed, starting up, asked who dared to disturb him? "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert. "I have the honor to announce to your Majesty, that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his Sacred Majesty King George II., but that was how he came to be monarch, nevertheless. The second George was more wrongheaded than his father, and England was saved during many years of his reign by the strong will of that strange mixture of courage, disoluteness, statesmanship, and meanness, Sir Robert Walpole, and by the good sense and tact of Queen Caroline. Brave the king undoubtedly was, but in and around his court there was the old sickly air of corruption, fed rather than suppressed by a sycophant clergy. The trenchant words of the great satirist are not a whit too strong in which to describe the godlessness and hypocrisy of the period. And when the sovereign died, some of the divines carried their cant behind the grave, and referred to their master as one too good for earth. They had crawled in the dust before his mistresses for preferment, and having got it, must of course pay for it somehow. Diving beneath the surface of society, Thackeray wisely says, "It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England; the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by the hope of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies; these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age." With these classes pure and sound, kings and puppets may sport with impunity; the kingdom is safe; it is when the middle classes are corrupt and worthless that the foundations of society begin to break up. Pleasant gossip of the good but obstinate King George, the third of his name, is vouchsafed to us,

with glimpses of his pure court—would it had always been so!—within whose precincts many a battle was won over his opponents by the dogged monarch. Then we come to the period of his terrible malady, and in describing the closing scene of all, the essayist breaks out into a passage of touching eloquence, which we transcribe here, as being in his most successful vein:

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers!' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more. let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain.' Driven off the throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer!'

"Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

The lectures on the English Humorists, a subject peculiarly adapted to the bent of Thackeray, commence with Swift, the genius who had a life-hunt for a bishopric and missed it. The bitterness of a generation of mankind seemed to be concentrated in that one spirit. We scarcely understand him now, or if we do, then genius is miserably weak and vulnerable in some point, if strong as adamant in others. He did not succeed, and it was his constant habit, we are assured, to keep his birthday as a day of mourning. Yet there are some aspects in which we like to regard him. We like his utter scorn at times, his contempt for the tinsel, and the power of his eagle eye to pierce the heart of things. He could also crush pretence, at once and effectually. A bumptious young wit said to him in company, "You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!" Do you so?" said the Dean. "Take my advice and sit down again." Thackeray mistrusts the religion of Swift, and mentions as one of the strongest reasons for doing so, the fact

of his recommending the dissolute author of "The Beggar's Opera" to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the bench. But this master of irony varied so in his moods, that it is impossible to know whether this advice was not simply the result of that intense chagrin which possessed him, rather than of a deliberate recklessness of the good. That Swift suffered, mentally, more than almost any man history takes note of, may be accepted, but it was partly due to the workings of an "evil spirit." It is justly said of him that "He goes through life, tearing like a man possessed of a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage of long agony! what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain." And this pain went through life—in darkness, rage, and misery he spent his days; no light broke through the starless night. The end came, and terrible is the story—the witty, the eloquent, the gifted, the god-like in intellect, the devilish in heart, Swift passed away in a state not unlike that against which he had prayed in a letter to Bolingbroke, when he said, "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." Pleasant gossip follows this sketch—gossip of Congreve and Addison, with wise critical remarks interspersed by the author, who may be said to have established a prescriptive right to the age of which he wrote. Somewhat too much, we are inclined to think, Thackeray made of Pope, though the executive ability of the young poet was of the most marvellous description. Poor Dick Steele, that bundle of failings and weaknesses, has a paper all to himself, and we rise from its perusal with our love for the kindly miserable sinner intensified. It was surface wickedness with Steele entirely; his heart was tender, and his character sim-

ple as a child's. For the genius and character of Fielding, Thackeray had of course the highest admiration. Very few lines need be read before it is apparent that the modern novelist had studied his predecessor minutely. He quotes Gibbon's famous saying about Fielding with intense relish: "The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren (the Fieldings) of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humor and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of Austria." But here our pleasant reminiscences of the English Humorists must end, and some observations of a general nature be made upon the genius of him who has bequeathed to us his thoughts and judgments on his illustrious predecessors.

(To be continued.)

THE TURNER PORTRAITS.

There is a current notion prevailing that no portrait of Turner exists. Perhaps no great artist was oftener sketched; from behind pictures, from the ambush of dark corners of exhibition rooms, the busy pencil was perpetually recording him.

Mr. Mulready drew him, Mr. Gilbert drew him, Mr. Linnell drew him, Mr. Dance drew him, Mr. Munro drew him, Mr. Fawkes drew him; and so, says Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his very inaccurate memoir, did Mr. Maclise and Mr. Charles Turner.

Yet the painter never sat willingly but once. He had a settled idea that if the public saw his portrait, they would think less of his pictures.

I know for certain that he sat to Dance for the portrait published in 1800, when Turner was R. A., and twenty-five years old. This portrait is one of a series of Academician portraits published by George Dance. It shows us a handsome young man, with rather large features, a full, prominent nose, a fine, strong-willed chin, and a rather sensual mouth, the lower lip of which is fleshy, and the upper lip beauti-

fully curved. The eyebrow is arched, and the eyelids long, presenting a great depth between the eye and the eyebrow. The forehead is full, but rather receding, and is covered with a stray wisp of hair, as Turner always kept it. The hair, close and thick, and rather stubborn looking, is long behind, and tied with a ribbon. He wears a white cravat, the ends of which bulge out in front of his waistcoat. The cape of his coat is of immense width, and the lappels are thrown back in a careless, but still rather cavalier way. Indeed, in this portrait, unless Dance's pencil has flattered, Turner looks a frank, handsome-hearted young man of genius, as far as appearance goes. The portrait might be as well that of a young general or a young statesman, for the expression is at once winning and commanding.

In 1851, the year Turner died, a flimsy caricature of the artist was published by that feeble *dilettante*, Count D'Orsay; Sir Edwin Landseer is said to have retouched it. It must have been drawn from memory not many months before, at some *soirée*, at which Turner and the Count were both present—perhaps at Mr. Windus's.

The Count evidently drew Turner, not from any admiration of his genius, of which he probably understood nothing, but as being a character, and old-fashioned in dress and manner. Some of Turner's friends think this a base caricature, while others regard it as, after all, the best likeness extant. I regard it as at least an admirable record of his costume and attitude. His enormous, loose, large buttoned dress coat, with the square wide tails and the outside pockets are very characteristic; so are his white cravat and frilled shirt; so are the meagre dancing shoes and the rudely made trousers. I like too the grim listening air with which, as he stands near the piano, he stirs round his cup of tea.

But whether he ever wore that woe-begone misery aspect, I cannot say, though the amateur artist has certainly given the face a look of declining health and vitality. The nose sharpens, the cheeks sink, the mouth falls in, the eye is feeble, even the hair is lean and sickly. Death is very near at hand with the great artist, and is

watching him even now in that room echoing with music and sparkling with lights.

One day, at a dinner party given on a varnishing day at Mr. Wells', Sir Edwin Landseer exhibited a little portrait of Turner that he had painted on his palette at the Academy that morning. It was very clever; every one liked it; many thought it perfect. Unluckily, an artist present induced Sir Edwin (who knows not how to say "No") to give it to him. In order to carry it home, the pleased man put it in his hat; unluckily the colors were wet, and when the artist took off his hat on reaching home, the picture had stuck to his hair, and was entirely blurred and spoiled, and the likeness effaced.

Mr. White, the well-known picture dealer of Maddox street, has in his possession the precious portrait of Turner painted surreptitiously by Mr. Linnel,* from sittings unconsciously given him at Mr. Daniel's dinner parties. Mr. White naturally enough attaches great value to this relic, and keeps it enclosed in a sort of altar case, as if it were a Leonardo or a Raphael. Yet many of the best judges do not think it very correct in likeness. It was arranged by Mr. Daniel that at these premeditated dinners, Mr. Linnel should sit opposite Turner, so as to carry off a vivid memory of his face; but few men, and those only born portrait painters, can remember faces with perfect accuracy, and then merely as sketches, and not in detail of outline and color. Still, with all its defects (especially that of being rather smaller than life), this is an interesting picture and worthy of record. The picture with this strange history represents Turner in almost the prime of life, and in the fantastic full dress of George IV period; red velvet waistcoat, dandy coat with velvet collar, a high wall of stiff black satin stock, the ends cascading down over his shirt front, and fastened with a red coral breastpin. It is not the barber's son we see, but the great Mr. Turner, R.A., who proposed an Irish tour to Mr. Thomas Moore—the Turner who was kind to poor Campbell, and who climbed up Arthur's Seat with old Sir Walter Scott.

* Recently engraved in mezzotinto, a very fine if not the most pleasing portrait of the great artist. It may be seen at J. Sabin & Sons.

Mr. Ruskin does not think this portrait like him. Mr. Griffith, who knew Turner at the time when it was taken, considers it "a very good likeness." I applied to Mr. Linnel for his version of the story, and he wrote me the following letter:

"The history of my portrait of Turner the Great is a very short one. I painted it from recollection, at the request of a friend of his, at whose table we frequently met. I made no memorandum at the time of meeting, but painted from memory entirely, the first opportunity. I believe the portrait was painted about 1837, and as the friend for whom it was intended died, it remained with me until I sold it to Mr. D. T. White, the picture dealer in Maddox street, Hanover square. I have also a very careful outline of Turner's father, taken when attending his son's lecture at the Royal Academy, about 1810, and a sketch of the eyes and brow looking down at the lecturer. The picture was intended for Mr. Birch, of Birmingham, and was, I believe, valued at 200 guineas; it is now worth triple that sum. It is a vivacious likeness, and highly interesting to those who knew the great painter twenty years ago."

There is yet another portrait to record. Mr. Charles Turner, A.R.A., the mezzotint engraver of his "*Liber Studiorum*," and his oldest and most constant friend, was so desirous of securing a likeness of him at all hazards, that he availed himself, from time to time, of every opportunity of collecting memoranda for the purpose. He at length obtained a most characteristic portrait in oil, small half-size, in the act of sketching. The singularity of his dress and figure have been scrupulously attended to, and it has been pronounced an admirable and faithful likeness. I believe that Mr. C. Turner engraved this portrait.

"He at length," says another account, "obtained a portrait of his friend; it has been pronounced by Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Alfred Chalon, Mr. David Roberts, Mr. Willmore, and other friends of the great deceased, who have seen it, to be an admirable and faithful likeness."

Turner distinctly told one of his friends that he did sit for Dance's portrait of him. His less enthusiastic friends describe him as having a red Jewish face with staring

bluish-grey eyes, and the smallest and dirtiest hands on record. His complexion was very coarse and weather-beaten, the cuticle was that of a stage-coachman or an old man-of-war boatswain. It was as tough as the skin of a rhinoceros, and red as the shell of a boiled lobster. That complexion told of rough days, when the rain had driven in his eyes as he sat on diligence roofs, or in boats lifting over enormous waves. The sea wind had buffeted him, the hot Italian sun had parched and browned him. His dress was always careless and often dirty, his sleeves were long, so as to hide his small pliable hands. Latterly he improved in his costume, thanks to the care of his Chelsea house-keeper, and even shone out at Academy meetings in a red velvet waistcoat. On one occasion he was particularly struck by his friend Jones' blue waistcoat, and its contrast with a red scarf worn underneath. "I like that, Joney," said Turner, "good bit of color, Joney;" and soon after appeared in the same effective dress. A hat with the nap carefully brushed the wrong way was also one of Turner's characteristics.

"Turner had fine intelligent eyes, dark blue or mazarine," says Mr. Trimmer, "and, as it is said of Swift's, they were heavy rather than animated. He had a pleasing but melancholy expression. His conversation was always sensible, and in all matters connected with his profession invaluable. He dressed in black, with short black gaiters, and though neat, was not smart. He was retired in his habits, and sensitive in his feelings; he was an excessively kind-hearted person, and fond of children, says one who knew him. His domestic life was founded on the models of the old masters, his conversation was most correct, and no one more upheld the decencies of society.*

"He had been accused of miserly habits, but as it was known full thirty years before his death that he was accumulating his property for decayed artists and their families, he cannot be charged with selfishness. If he exacted from publishers the market value of his great talents, do such persons as a class act differently with inferior talents? I believe he was hard in

his dealings with engravers; in fact, he was averse to any but first-rate hands engraving his pictures."

Turner's own portrait, as painted by himself, is rather brown in color, but fine in expression. The forehead is high, the rather too large nose is cleverly concealed by being taken full-face. The lip is full, but not unduly so. The chin is strong and Napoleonic. The young artist wears a huge cape to his coat, the fashionable double waistcoat, and a full white handkerchief, with pendent ends, round his neck; the color is wanting in tenderness, and in trying for breadth the greys have been sacrificed.

Turner's iron-grey eye (it was really blue), says Mr. Goodall, seemed to strike through you. There was a great consciousness of power in it. When animated, Turner's eyes were quite handsome, says an old friend. Turner's eyes were blue as enamel, and were round, staring, and bull-like as those of Frederick the Great's.

Mr. Leslie, after deriding D'Orsay's libel, errs in saying that Turner never sat to any one, and never would; but it is true he thought himself coarse, ugly, unpoetical-looking, and said, "that if he had portraits taken people would never believe he painted his own pictures."

Leslie describes Turner as short and stout, and with a sturdy, sailor-like walk. He says: "There was, in fact, nothing elegant in his appearance—full of elegance as he was in his art. He might have been taken for the captain of a river steamer at first sight, but a second would find far more in his face than belongs to any ordinary mind. There was that peculiar keenness of expression in his eye that is only seen in men of constant habits of observation. His voice was deep and musical."

Mr. John Gilbert, one of the first of modern draughtsmen on wood, took a sketch of Turner on one of the varnishing days of the last Exhibition at the British Institution (1841) to which he contributed.

Turner's picture was not finished, for latterly he finished them always on the walls. Mounted on a box, the little squab man was *scumbling* (driving opaque paint in a transparent coat) in the rays of the sun, which, in the exact centre of the picture (says Mr. Gilbert), projected like the boss of an ancient shield. Mr. Gilbert

*It is remarkable that in his will he restricts his charities to persons born in lawful wedlock.

watched him as he worked, and took a sketch, which he afterwards from memory elaborated,

The sketch (which appeared long ago in one of Cassell's publications) represents, very humorously and vigorously, the awkward, untidy dress of the painter; and the swab of a handkerchief hanging from the side-pocket of his tail-coat, the large, almost Jewish nose, the loose, slovenly trousers, and the eagle eyes, are not easily forgotten.

That most foul-mouthed of Mr. Turner's detractors, the late Mr. Ripplingille, gives the following hostile view of his manner, face, and bearing. I should call it, "How Turner struck an enemy."

"Personally, Turner was as much a character as his house, and as cold and forbidding in aspect. I have witnessed meetings between him and those who considered themselves in the light of friends. I have seen a 'friend' seize his arm in a public room, attempt to walk and to speak with him; and have seen him receive much the same treatment a butcher would meet with who attempted to put his arm under the fore-leg of an unsocial and impracticable pig. It is said he could talk, and that he had a good deal of sedate fun, seasoned with a spice of sarcasm; I have heard casual remarks from him, which betrayed neither of these qualities—except, perhaps, a little of the last, which I observed was accompanied with a certain self-complacent grunt. He professed to know me personally, and once or twice I have put this knowledge to the direct test by asking him who I was, and by his reply have ascertained that his recollection was about as good as his word, or his acquaintance. I know a gentleman who sat next him at a dinner-table, one, too, of such a stock of resources and acquirements as would move a stoic, but not more than a few words could be obtained from Turner. It was clear that Turner was at home, from the familiar way in which he addressed one of the ladies of the family; and his silence or sulkiness was afterwards accounted for by the master of the house calling him aside, and pointedly asking him what was the matter, when it was ascertained that, upon handing him his cheque for a seven hundred pound picture, he had forgotten to pay the hire of the coach in which Turner had

come, and brought the picture with him. There is but little dependence to be placed upon the numerous stories extant, and by no means to his credit; I therefore speak only of what I know and saw. Turner was a short, vulgar-looking man, with an ordinary head, and a coarse, red, 'pimpley' face, utterly devoid of any degree of refinement or intelligence. I cannot recollect any other clever man I ever saw who did not carry evidence of the fact in his face; Turner was the exception. It was impossible to make anything of such a head, such a face, look, and expression. So far from its bearing the impress of anything like thought, there was a vulgar, half suppressed giggle, that seemed imprisoned in features too rigid or obstinate to let it escape; while in the twinkle of his eye there was a kind of triumph and self-satisfaction, as much as to say, you might look, but you could not make him out; but with this he showed no disposition to face, but to escape from, observation."

This is little better than mere spite, and the poisonous envy that ever rankles in the heart of a disappointed man. From such men too often come our satirists, our epigrammatists and our critics; and the world, leaning ever to the worst side, takes their bitterness for honesty. Yet, so far it is true, that Turner was a stumpy, ill-dressed man, with a red face and something of a satyr's mouth; but this was towards the close of his life.

I have seen an admirable caricature of Turner by that clever colored caricaturist, Mr. Chalon, which represents him with little staring grey eyes, arched, astonished eyebrows, and very scarlet face. Mr. Mulready also possesses an inimitable little sketch of Turner *furens*, taken by stealth at an Academy Council where the artist was thwarted. He looks ready for a spring; Achilles chafing in his tent could not have appeared more grandly furious. Mr. Mulready has caught the true yet momentary expression.

Mr. Ripplingille (who viewed Turner with the jaundiced eye of envy) also says of him, "He was short, stumpy, and vulgar, without one redeeming personal qualification, slovenly in dress, not over cleanly, and devoid of all signs of the habits of a gentleman, or a man moving in good society."—*Thornbury's Life of Turner*.